Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RETURN.

The heavens were bright in their shadowless blue,
And earth's emerald mantle was spangled with dew,
When the soldier return'd to his dear native home;
Farewell, for a season to ocean's white foam!—
O'er the door of his cottage a jessamine gleaming,
And through its close leaves a last sun-light is streaming;
Bright, bright o'er that home are the golden beams smiling,
The maid-woman's heart with their gladness beguiling,
Though roses and woodbines their fragrance are breathing,
No curl of blue smoke o'er the wide roof is wreathing,
No laugh there the courage in wild mirth is ringing,
No voice in the joy of a young heart is singing.
The vase in the window with flowers is shaded,
But their perfume has fled and their beauty has faded.
One sister, the last of his kindred on earth,
Of all the fond forms that once gladden'd that hearth,
At parting had bless'd him with sorrowing sighs,
For the thoughts of the ocean awaken'd her fears,
And of in his absence she started from sleep,
While the storm raged without, o'er her brother to weep.
But now he's return'd, he is happy and well,
And gladness at most banish that mournful farewell,
Though dearly he loves o'er the ocean to roam,
He forget becomes with rapture at sight of his home,
But the step that was wont to spring first from that door,
To welcome her brother from perils past o'er,
Comes not to him as he lightly bounds over the hill,
And a pang smote his heart—could he sister be ill?
He sees her not there in her favorite seat,
Why comes she not forth her lov'd brother to greet?
Oh! come other dearest,—I've nurtur'd for thee,
A bird of bright plumage from over the sea,
And sea-shells that grieve with a sweet plaintive moan,
For the shadowy depths of their wild ocean home,
And a casket with carving surpassingly fair,
From afar I have brought them, my own sister fair,
But the gift which I know the most valued will be,
Is the heart warm and changeless still, clinging to thee!
Oh, why dost thou linger my own best reward,
Thy wand'ring but true-hearted brother to greet?
With a tremulous hand he has open'd the door,
And with faltering footsteps he traces the floor:
But the last cherish'd form had from thence pass'd away,
As snow that dissolves in the sun's fervent ray,
One short summer week in its beauty had fled,
Since the loved one and loving to rest with the dead,
While her brother had hasten'd from ocean's salt wave,
His sister to bless—he found only her grave!
Oh! sad was the stroke on that light, throbbing heart,
That bade all hope's fairy-like vision depart,
And sweep all the dreams of affection away,
Like the gold of the wizard returning to clay."
That bright eye was soon in its blinding tears shrouded,
That fearless young brow with deep anguish was clouded,
And nature and feeling were sweeping that breast,
Where never a cowardly fear had found rest,
One passionate gaze on the cottage he bent,
One long, long adieu from his bursting heart sent,
Then slowly he turn'd from that dwelling again,
Where was sever'd the last shining link of love's chain!

ROSALIE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

INCIDENTS IN THE SOUTH.

Jackson, La. September 27th, 1835.

Mr. Editor:—I presume that you are by this time pretty well advised that matters here are not in the best possible condition. Every Parish nearly in our state, and every village in each Parish, has its "*Committee of Vigilance*" and "*Volunteer Patrols*," and cases falling within the sphere of their duties are neither so "few" or "far between" as "Angel's visits."

In saying indirectly that matters are in bad trim, I do not wish to be understood as censuring the establishment of Committees of Vigilance and Patrols, but as having reference to a state of society rendering such *organizations necessary*. Our Committee are mainly composed of staid, intelligent and substantial citizens—men who have all to lose and naught to gain by the overthrow of our social institutions—consequently, no very bad results are to be apprehended from the kind of extra-judicial cognizance assumed by them over all infringements on the established rights of property, and against the general peace and well being of society. The Patrols are, in part, made up of lighter material, and it is their especial province to enforce and execute the mandates of the graver tribunals.

But when I commenced writing, it was not so much with the view of enlightening your understanding in regard to our local arrangements, as for the purpose of detailing an incident of a shocking nature that has been brought to light by one of our Committees, and a lodacious development of folly that has been elicited by another of them.

Passing visitor, a Frenchman was given to the Committee of Vigilance, at Port Hudson, in the Parish of East Feliciana,) that a Frenchman, residing on the opposite side of the Mississippi, in the lower corner of the Parish of Point Cowpee, had been guilty of *incest with his own niece*, (who, with a brother, resided in his house,) and of infanticide in the murder of the offspring of their illicit connection! The person giving the information, not being a competent witness, the Committee, by way of obtaining further proof, sent over a deputation, accompanied by a Physician, in order to ascertain the facts; and the medical man having satisfied himself that the allegation was true, a mandate went forth that Monsieur should be seized, and *lynch'd* into a confession of what had been done with the infant. He was accordingly taken a short distance from his dwelling, and most essentially flogged; but all to no purpose—he persisted in declaring the whole story untrue and slanderous. Whilst engaged in flogging him, the operators discovered an amulet festered around his neck, in the shape of a small manual or Prayer Book; and his faith therein, was so strong, that he declared it to be a perfect safeguard against all casualties! expressing a belief that if he were thrown headlong into the boiling current of the Mississippi, albeit he knew not how to swim, it would protect him from drowning! (perchance to reserve him for the gallows). It so happened, however, that the heretics by whom he was, for the moment, surrounded, had as little faith in the alleged virtues of the book, as in the innocence of its possessor, and *they acted accordingly*. *Finding that stripes were of no avail, and being thoroughly satisfied of his guilt*, they substituted two or three handkerchiefs for a rope, and bending down a stout cotton-wood sapling, the rebound of which, would be sufficient for the intended purpose, they proceeded to noose their man to the top of it, and then told him he must choose instantly between confession and hanging. Here the poor fellow's faith in his prayer book left him, and he made a full confession of his guilt. The innocent offspring of his incestuous lust was produced, wrapped and secured in a fragment of cloth, and with its head largely fractured! Monsieur, and his niece and nephew were in due time regularly committed to Point Cowpee jail, where they now await trial as principals, and accessory to the foul deeds above detailed. And so ends my story about the Frenchman.

Now for the other.

If you have ever, Mr. Editor, lived for more than a week in a little country town, it will be no news to you to be told, that the denizens of such places, think themselves privileged to know, at least, as much about their neighbor's concerns as their own, and may fellow amongst them who is desirous of veiling or hiding his peculiar projects or occupations from the inspection of all, must either act with great circumspection, or stand prepared to fight the matter out as to best may [illegible]. Now it has so fallen out, that there resides amongst us here a *family of brothers*—some five or six aldebodied and athletic men—who, in their general deportment and bearing, have been marked as singular. Intimes of ordinary character, this singularity of those might have led to no worse results than covert conjectures or open derision on the part of their neighbors; but these present times are of a troublous and unsteady aspect—at least here in Louisiana—and the mysterious and angular behaviour of the aforesaid family of brothers had well nigh got them into a most unenviable noddle. It is true, no one pretended to condemn or hobble them directly, and of malice aforethought, with the commission of any overt act local act, but every body, with feathers and water to boot, was prepared to believe aught that might incontinently be laid to their charge. By way of elucidating the singularity of the, note the details following:—If, by chance, you met one of these men in the street, instead of the usual edifying and neighbourly salutation of "fine day this"—or, "terrible rainy weather these times"—"a monstrous hot!" &c. ten to one but the greeting would be, "I want to speak a word in your ear"—or, (whispering) "have you got five dollars about you can loan me for a few days?"—or, (taking you off to one side, and addressing you in an undertone) "do you know what is good for the *chorlera*?"—or,—something else equally suspicious and significant. Then again—see two or more of them together—they did not talk and laugh, and mingle with the crowd like other folks, but stood aloof, thoughtful, and grave of attitude and mood, and communing with each other by hours on a time, as though matters of deep and abstruse arrangement depended upon their solemn debates!—and again—time after time, were they known to have departed from their usual haunts, without so much as a "good bye, to ye," and journeyed no one knew where, again returning thereto, from no-body knew whence. At night, too, when all honest Christian folks should have been comfortably snoozing in their beds, were the aforesaid brothers frequently known to have sallied forth, and strolled amid the *devious purlieus* of the dark forest, and anon wending their way to, or from, some supposed rendezvous of the children of iniquity. Their sharp and watchful eyes, too,—those title pages to the contents of every man's intellectual volume—were observed to dance and twinkle with a real cast, but self-gratulating air, as though they would say, "I have seen what ye have not."

Now, Mr. Editor, if you haplessly have little understanding in the matter of village feeling, touching such things as are above narrated, you may, perchance, turn up your nose and say, "this is a very small affair,"—but if you be properly au fait in the premises, then will you exclaim, and with truth, "Surely the anxiety of 'Aunt Chatsy' about the little French tailor, of which she died, was but as a soap-suds's bubble to the present matter!"

But digression aside—let me proceed. So continued the aforesaid brothers in their course—nor did they appear to note the gathering cloud on the brow of vigilant succession, other than as might be inferred from the fact that they usually carried large knives called *skarkers*, upon their persons, and when journeying on horseback, had each his saddle-bow garnished with a brace of pistols.

"Time," sayeth the sage—"Time, though rarely in his movements to the hasty of spirit, and the reverse to him of a sluggish disposition, in general is sure to bring forth, in due season, whatever appertains to his particular province;" and Time, a deal by circumstance, at length developed the cause of all this mysterious behaviour.

Not long since, on strong suspicion of their attempting to abduct certain wooly-headed Lindsboys in keeping of those who claimed them, as their own, the several the aforesaid brothers were arrested, and underwent an examination before the Committee of Vigilance, held by special resolution of Clinton, the seat of justice for this Parish; and then and there, *in order to clear their skirts of the charge and specifications* arrayed and documented against them, they did expose and expound to whom it might concern, the secret and object of all the strange and outlandish conduct of which they had been guilty.

It appeared that the whole family were members or disciples of a school that was much in vogue a century or so ago, and which, pretended to teach the art of discovering hidden treasures and mines of the precious metals, by some process of physical conjuration that has never, so far as I am informed, been very clearly defined; and it appeared further, that the eldest brother, who figured as the *Deasterraviter* of the next, had succeeded, after long study and experimenting, and after innumerable failures, in amalgamating and *perfecting a metallic wand or conjuring rod* that *would detect the presence of gold, silver, or precious stones, even at the distance of half a mile!* They also stated, that they were in possession of some mineralogy or other evidence of the existence of certain *large sums of money*, hid away in holes in the ground (poked down there, it may be presumed by persons who had more of the stuff than they could turn to good account,) and that they had exercised their aforesaid conjuring rod to good account, in fixing upon the identical spots of earth that embosomed the jingle; but owing, it appeared, to anticipated opposition from the owners of the soil thus pregnant of doubloons and dollars, (not designing to suffer said owners to go snacks, they had not as yet helped themselves to any portion of their discoveries,—the aggregate amount of which, go up upon the data in their possession, was the respectable sum of about *three hundred thousand dollars!* The journeyings to and for the which they had been charged, were nothing but the pilgrimages to and from their money-holes; and their nocturnal rambles in the forest were, by common consent, placed to the account of lunar incantations. The more serious charge of their attempted abduction of slaves, was satisfactorily explained by their desire covertly to procure, from an old African negro, certain roots and drugs of approved virtue in the arts of conjuration!

Now, sir, you can readily conceive the effect that such disclosures were calculated to produce in a mixed assemblage of *all sorts* of people. To say that eyes were there as wide open, and *sparkling* as the mantlings of a bear-ring, would, perhaps, be set down as hyper bolical; but you will understand me thoroughly, when I say, that there were dilated visions in the throng—whether from astounded belief, or surprise, or incredulity, I leave you to judge for yourself.

The Committee being satisfied that the two juniors, at least, were innocent of any act that would be punishable by law, they were dismissed with a censure for their conduct; but it was pretty plain'y hinted to Mr. *Deasterraviter*, that a change of residence would probably conduce to his personal safety, and he is understood to have "made himself scarce" accordingly.

Your's, in all love,

JOE MERRY.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

THINGS IN ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND.—No. XIV.

Melrose, (Scotland,) June 24, 1835.

We turned 'gentleman' again this day; for be it know that a man who goes on foot in England is no gentleman. When he mounts a stage coach he begins to be a 'gentleman;' if he gets inside he is quite a gentleman; if he drives in a post chaise, he is more of a gentleman still; but if he drives in his own carriage, then he is a real gentleman,—and when he stops at a public house, out tumble at the door, master, mistress, waiters, *waiteresses*, chambermaid, 'boots,' and porter, all in a furious flurry, knocking trunks this way, and the horses that, and making such a fuss as if heaven and earth were coming together. Every thing in England depends upon the out and appearance; and in such a world of rank, many funny sights are seen by our republican eyes.

You must pass over my account of Carlisle, for I did not see much of it, and my body's book will tell you all about it. It is on the regular route of all the book-makers; and it grieves me that I was there, though I do wish now that I had gone to see the castle where Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined. Yes, beginning to be 'gentleman' again, and weary of walking adventures, we took the coach once more, and for Gretna Green in Scotland. It would be an unpardonable sin, I suppose, to be in this part of the world, and yet not be silly enough to go and see Gretna Green. We were up at half past 3 A. M. and yet it was broad day, so very short are the nights here now, as it is not dark till after 11 P. M. We rode nine miles over a superb road, very level, and—the very road for tracked and persecuted lovers to fly over—and at yet early morn we were on Gretna Green. All I have to say about it is, "I have been to Gretna Green,"—for it looks like ten thousand other places in the world.—There is a hotel here, where lovers congregate, and where the nuptial knot is tied. The Mr. Sheridan who ran off with an English heiress was the last hero of the scene. All that is necessary to be done at Gretna to make a legal marriage is a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife; and this coms itutes a marriage in Scotland, binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of children. An attempt has been made to *suppress this species of marriage here, but all in vain*; and some contend that it is necessary as a sort of safty-valve to the rigid system of the English church. Upon an average, three hundred couple are married here a year, and half a guinea, is the lowest fee that is ever charged. A half guinea however, is the fee of the poorest class. Two hundred, and two hundred and fifty dollars are often given, it is said. The great priest who founded the trade died in 1814, after leading a long life of drunkenness. Two rival practitioners do the business now, and both go through a little form, not so much because it is necessary, but to quiet the *scruples* of the lady runaway,—Many amusing anecdotes are told of the chase on the Carlisle road, that the father makes to catch his daughter in her unfinished love-.

Finishing our view of Gretna Green in about two minutes and a half 'by Shrewsbury clock,' we contracted with our legs again for a passage, and walked to Longtown, four miles off, over a large part of the way, an immense bog of peat or turf used for fuel, which was piled up in masses all along to dry. I do not know whether that is (but horseback is) the celebrated Solway moss, the coast of which gave way in 1771, from the impudence of the peat diggers, who were constantly working on the low side, involving in the horrid corruption of thick black mud, people, cattle and dwellings—and this, too, in a late an unsaid night. Longtown is a long town (in England it is)—and this is as much as one need say of it. We met with nothing remarkable here, unless it were a breakfast—and—a barber, whose shop and dwelling-room was one, and whose *razors were worse than scythes*. And by the way, let me throw in a hint, which will be of service to future travellers,—and that is never to venture for in England trusting to find barbers; for 'gentlemen' here always shave themselves, and not, as with us, can a barber's pole be found in every village. A shaving barber here is a *rara avis*. Ours is the only country where they flourish thickly. When the Edinburgh coach came along, we took seats on (*not in*) that, and soon we were on our way to Langholm—(*Lang'am* all pronounce it, and they say *Gram* for Graham, for excellent speakers of English!)—and journeying, too, over one of the most delightful routes I ever was on. We were in the vale of the Esk—the Eskdale of the poets—and no where can there be lovelier scenery or a more charming ride. The Esk, on its chattering stream, seems to sing the stories of the scene; and man and bird, and leaf and flower, have made an Eden on its banks. Soon we were in Langholm—sooner than I wished—and Langholm is not a place of little interest by any means, for here and here about began the border wars. In Langholm, too, in by gone days, there were many curious customs. This is the place where shrews were tamed. The husband who had a scolding wife, put over her head a curious iron instrument called 'the branks,' which fitted upon the head of the shrew, and, seized the tyrant, restrained his tongue, and thus, by suppressing a sharp spoke into her mouth, subdued the tongue waggery. I do not know but that some husband may need such instruments now—but if his wife needs it too, she will not scold me for the insertion of a hint. Here, too, they had a curious way of marrying "in the days of old lang syne." The people had no clergyman to go through the form, and therefore they agreed to live as man and wife till a year came round,—and a mark from Melrose came once a year, who solemnized the contract. And then too, if either party chose to retract from the engagement, it might be done without loss of character!

From Langholm we took another stage to Hawick, now a place quite remarkable for the manufactory of wool; and at Hawick we were on the banks of the Teviot, in the far-famed Teviotdale. Not far from here is Branksome Tower, the principal scene of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and once the residence of the Buccleugh family, ever among the famous, and now the richest family in Scotland,—for the annual income, I am told, of the Duke of Buccleugh is now £1,000,000! Indeed, every thing of landed property in this part of Scotland seems to belong to him. Every spot about Hawick is full of historical associations, which the genius of Scott has embodied and vivified, and made as well known in America as in Britain.—But we did not stay long in Teviotdale, but were soon on our way to Selkirk; and indeed "the way was long, the wind was cold," over a moor as dismal as one can well imagine—unrelieved by any variety except hundreds, by thousands of *sheep*, feeding upon the green tops of the hills for miles, with here and there a shepherd and his dog to watch them—exhibiting in reality the picture I have read of so often—the real pastoral life. Now there was a heavy shower with sleet, and anon the sun would glimmer out,—and then it would rain again, bringing an atmosphere of pinching cold-ness. I never had a more uncomfortable day of dreary ride. Indeed, a large extent of country here and further back is but a wilderness stripped of almost all its trees, with some large ruined fortress in every mountain pass, glooming in the way like some wild ghost hunting a favourite spot. Never was there a better scene for wild and fearful story. The Germans would make this the very land of *diablerie*.

The 'Sutors o' Selkirk' are even now numerous in its principal streets, if not as numerous as when they made so many shoes for the Highland army in 1745. To be made a sutor of Selkirk even now, I believe, is but another phrase, for being made a burgess; and every candidate for burgal honors is compelled to lick, or pass through his mouth a small bunch of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers which too has been previously licked or smeathed by all the members of the town council who may be present. This is called 'licking the horse,' and signifies allegiance or respect to the craft who here have sway. How many horrors an English shinan would have, if he were to find such a custom in Lynn or Haverhill! Selkirk of itself has now but little to attract the traveller, though in history it makes an important figure. From Selkirk, the royal detour is made up the Yarrow, and to Ettrick Forest—a district only twelve or fourteen miles in extent and inhabited chiefly by shepherds, but which, it has been truly said, has been the subject of more verse than Tempe itself. I had a letter for Alton Cottage, the home of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; but remembering that Scott has written

"The scenes are desert now and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair"

and feeling that the cold winds and 'maws' of Selkirk hills had frozen all the poetry in my veins, I had no heart for wandering

"Up pathless Ettricke, and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow."

I do not love romance out of doors in cold weather, nor the dolefulness of the summer wind, save in song at Yarrow; and I saw quite enough of 'pastoral meanderings,' a few miles back, to have at least a fancy of the 'dowie dens o' Yarrow,' on which so many old ballads, and the pens of Scott, Wordsworth, Burns and Hogg, have thrown an interest in verse which I am quite sure they cannot have in fact.

After a reviving lunch at Selkirk, [illegible] by some Scotch ale, which answered partially for a meal, we once more took our feet, and started for Abbotsford, the residence of Walter Scott, or of *Sir* Walter Scott, as every body calls him, or of *Sir* Walter Scott, *Bart*, as every body writes it, as if a *title* could dignify or adorn such a man as Walter Scott! By the way, however, it is necessary to look out for titles in England, for Englishmen amuse themselves much at our expense, neglecting as we often do, all titles, calling a 'Lady,' 'Mrs.'—*as Lady* Blessington, *Mrs.* Blessington for example—and a Duke (a Duck as Cobbett used to call them,) *Mr.* perhaps instead of *His Grace*, it being quite a mouthful for us to *grace* or *majesty* flesh and bones like our poor selves. But it is well when among the Romans to do as the Romans do, though 'what a state of society!' is an exclamation ever popping into one's brain. I hate these abominations, and seldom call a man honorable at home if he is honourable, ever taking the cure, however, to give him the title when he is not. As for squires, and generals, and majors, they are no titles at all now, so common are they, that it is no violation of the principle to dub every man you see with them. But to return —we stand on foot to Abbotsford, three or four miles from Selkirk. We lose our way misled by the answer of a Scotchwoman, who either misunderstood our English, or we her Scotch—and with great difficulty we got right again after fresh directions from another woman, who lived in a lone place, and talked yet thicker Scotch. She knew Scott, however, to'd us of his walks and his rides, called him a 'canny man,' and said she 'never saw sae a lang burial as his.' But on the main road again, after quite a wandering through a little wood, we saw the gothic pinnacles or summits of Abbotsford peering through the trees, a lodge, and a fine path or road, indicating the entrance.

I had never read a description of Abbotsford nor had I been within a Baronial hall or castle not in mine, when I entered the Baronial hall of Walter Scott—and his alone among the Americans, who remembers *his fine feelings on such an entrance, can understand mine*. We instantly thrown back into the past, full of men in steel, were in my fancy real men. I saw Scott's novels *all alive*—the very knights, the very barons, the carved *roods* of oak—the gothic pannelings —the arms of animals—the targets, helmets, shields —aye, the very men, the very stories, the very things —*read* them all again, in but a minute or more. I have embodied all the fancies of years. I have *ideas* of what were only *dreams* before. I seemed to see the scene where Scott drew all his inspiration, when this very scene was but another creation of his inmatter instead of words. I should rave if I attempted to describe what I felt—and I should be mad in fact to attempt to describe what the most brilliant pens of America and Europe have so often touched, so very often, in every manner, and in many tongues. It has indeed been well said that for this singular building, Scott has drawn outlines and ornaments from every part of Scotland; and it may be well added, that the tributes which all the world have given him, have filled the house with curiosities from every part of the world. So too the taste of the poet has sought every thing which could add interest to his home; such relics, for example, as Burns's gate in the Baronial hall, or the old pulpit from which Ralph Erskine preached, with many of other the like. In building this oddly-formed, and yet perfectly-constructed dwelling, Scott seems to have had a prescience of the interest that would attach to his name, and, as if that would not be enough to draw the traveller from every country, he has concentred there relics enough of other times, and other men, *which of themselves would make it worthy of a pilgrimage*—and thus adding to the inspiration ever to be felt in the abode of genius the other inspiration of yet more inspiring scenes. No man who ever looks upon this spot, and who is permitted to enter within its walls, and view its gothic ornaments, its gothic furniture in gothic halls, its hanging cabinets, its mirrors, its portraits alone, will not admire Walter Scott the more as a mere man of his time. What then are the emotions of him, who knew the name of Scott the first among all distant names, and who dwelt upon his pictures of Scottish life, as first among his reading, when as now, he stands in his very library, reads the books he has thumbed—sits in his chair, leans upon his desk—and then ends his view in the little recess near his study, where in the last suits of clothes that he wore—his highland dress, the claymore and purse belt, his hat, his pantaloons of plaid, his vest, his shoes, his white hat well worn, the marks of his fingers upon it—and, aye, his very *staff* that the vile worm even now is eating though coated over with something to protect it! Yes, even Scott must die. Death would snatch *him* from earth. Time will tumble down even *the fabric* he has reared, and eat up all the ornaments of his house, but Death nor Time can injure the other works he leaves behind.

I bade adieu to Abbotsford as the sun was declining —and followed the stream of the now babbling Tweed, for it had none of that furious tide at this season, which Scott sometimes describes, and sought yet one other object of interest, which the Lay of the Last Minstrel has made known to every American reader of the poem—*I mean Melrose Abbey*. After a walk of three or four miles, we found ourselves in a vale sheltered on every side by hills—a place which the monks have evidently selected for pleasantness and seclusion—and soon the towers of the Abbey were in a glow, and when we entered it, if not by 'the pale moonlight' that Scott has enjoined as the hour of visitation, so as to avoid 'the gay beams of lightsome day,' which 'gild but to flout the ruins grey,'—it was in the long twilight of this season—

"When the broken arches are dark in night
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem to frame of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and d e—

I have taken this quotation from the Lay of the Last Minstrel, because it is not poetry in its fictitious sense, but the very best description of a matter of fact —for

"The Corbells* were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and capital flourished round,
Seemed but the id of lances which garlands had bound."

And—

"Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

As our guide, who happened to be an intelligent man, quoted these and other passages, the accuracy of the description I saw was remarkable; and Scott has, with a most happy facility, seized upon existing objects to make out a poem, which is so connected with fact that it seems like history itself. I have not a doubt that two-thirds of the uneducated people about here believe that the wizard Michael Scott, whose fatal spirit, according to tradition, cleft the Eildon hills in three, was buried here with the fatal book that William of Deloraine possessed himself of at the dead o[illegible]

* Corbells are the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask.

night—so vividly has the poet impressed upon the mind his imaginations as facts. And the traveller on visiting any of these scenes for miles and miles around, is struck, as in visiting the vale of Wordsworth, with the idea that Scott, by his genius, has given them all a charm which they had not before and has thus erected for himself monuments like the hills of which he has written,—or as consecrated them, and associated them with himself, as to make the same coeval with their existence. Though Melrose Abbey, therefore, every year may crumble more and more away, yet the peaks of Eildon hills will stand as long as earth can stand—and stood, too, as monuments to his memory.

Melrose Abbey was built by David I. in 1136. It is built in the most ornate style of gothic architecture, and is therefore decorated with an infinite variety of sculpture, most of which is exceedingly fine. The church which alone remains, measures 287 feet in length and 157 at the greatest breadth. It is said to be the most finished building of the kind in Great Britain, and the French taste is visible in some of its decorations. The crowding of other buildings around it takes away from the impression it would otherwise make; and this is perhaps the reason why (or it may be that the fresh feeling is already gone,) I did not admire it so much as I did the solemn ruins of Fountain Abbey near Studly Park. It stands examination better, to be sure. The more you see it, the more you seem to see. It is indeed a study. About such lovely spots as these, and Dryburgh Abbey, Scott passed much of his youth,—and here he felt the inspiration that made him write,—and *here* (Dryburgh Abbey) are his remains.

In viewing the ruins of Great Britain, particularly of Abbeys and Cathedrals, the traveller has constant reason to mourn over that fanatical spirit which has demolished them, or stripped them of so many of their ornaments. "To cast down the altars, and purge the kirk of all idolatrous monuments" was a common order during the reformation. Our puritan fathers levelled almost every thing in the shape of an image. Oliver Cromwell bombarded the walls of that Abbey "to overthrow the devil's den." A praying weaver of this neighbourhood, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel, knocked off the heads and limbs of thirteen effigies supposed to represent our Saviour and his twelve Apostles—observing the next morning to every person whom he met, and with exultation, too, that he had "fairly stomped the vile papist dirt now."—Henry VIII. and Cromwell made sad havoc with Abbeys and Churches.

Amply satisfied with this day's sight-seeing, and wearied and exhausted by the excitement of so many different scenes,—after a short look at Melrose-town, much of which is built of the ruins of the Abbey—a curiously formed and antique town in the form of a triangle, in the centre of which is one of those ancient crosses that stood like outposts a little distance from all abbeys, to receive the first homage of the pilgrims who approached,—and a yet faster look at the Eildon Hills, the Tumulus of the Romans, on which they had a fortress to watch the surrounding country, I sought a public house, which, as usual, was full of [illegible] ing, and soon I was dreaming over what I had seen.

B.

RETURN FROM LEAVE.

TRAVELLING IN IRELAND.

By C. O'Donoghue, late Ensign (16th) Royal Irish.

The moment an Irishman says 'Never fear, your honour: I'll engage!" depend upon it there is every reason to tremble, every prospect the his engagement will be broken; and that the vociferations of confidence—invariably in an inverse ratio to even perhaps his expectations of ultimate success in the object on hand, whatever it may be—always increase till the obvious impossibility of accomplishing the desired end stares him, and you, too fully in the face for further self-deception. Then he tries to look as much like an idiot as he can; and, scratching his head, ejaculates, "That's too bad, now;" just as if he were quite astonished at failure. His simplicity is the armour in which he trusteth, and he dons it when ever it suits his purpose—which is always. If honest, his simplicity is genuine: if a rogue, 'tis so ably counterfeited, that it defies the detection of the common observer; and, notwithstanding the protestations, in all probability he does not deceive even himself, whether you succeed or fail—though, perhaps he would sympathize in your good fortunes, and rather wish you well, though his constitutional good humour, be the reverse. Then he depends so much on fate. Onwards, blundering, slapdash—headlong he rushes in the teeth of common reason, with the blindness of a Mussulman fatalist, or the *inconscience* of an Eastern opium-eater—utterly regardless of consequences as he is in his devil-may-care-ness, hoping, in spite of probability, that this "luck," that "jewel in his dower," will be friend him to the end. And if he so acts in his own affairs, will he be more circumspect in those of others. If he swims with the current, hoping the stream may turn with his *all* afloat, can it be expected he will buffet the tide for you? If he starts in a wrong direction, he is sure to gallop like fury—'tis the fault of his stars. He carries his stone up hill with the vigour of a dray-horse and pertinacity of a Sysiphus, till within a moment of the summit, when he sees it roll and slipping from his grasp; and throwing into the vale below, he sees it sink in *gurgite vasto*, while he exclaims, "To the devil I pitch all bad luck!" His bad luck is but his own fault, and you, who treat to Paddy's back are but a bad calculator too. Yet, all things considered, is not Paddy's temperament better adapted for every contrary to fight reason, arising from his cheerfully confident affirmations of succeeding, instead of sinking to despair, which would be the case were he too joined in your doleful forebodings. Let not the stranger in Ireland, then, think himself safe when he is requested to "never fear, your honour," nor act implicit faith in promises coupled with "I'll engage." Even when Paddy disguises or accomplishes your purpose, are you sure to have been the deluding agent? who knew his own mind, that he cannot for the life of him find it in his heart to destroy them in yours by telling you so. At the end he can always shift the responsibility from his shoulders by laying the fault on "luck."

A two months' leave of absence—the first I had received from the regiment—having expired, it was incumbent on me to join the head quarters of the 5th, or Royal Irish, then stationed at Fermoy; and as we were commanded by Col. Gaunt'et, whose name I had occasion to mention in a previous paper, as being a particularly taut hand of the old Martinet school, I felt exceedingly nervous lest some untoward circumstance should occur to prevent my appearance at muster: especially as my stay in the paternal mansion of dear old Ballybeg had been prolonged to the last moment by my loving mother—real or feigned—who thought she never saw enough of her darling first-born.

Though the high road from Galway to Limerick passed my father's door, no mail coach ran upon it in those unsophisticated times. Almost all journeys in that part of Ireland were made on horseback; and therefore, according to the usual mode of travelling I took on one of my father's hunters to Ennis, twenty miles from thence I was to procure some species of conveyance to Limerick. Next morning, the 24th day of December, some five or six-and-thirty years ago, the dawn found me on the road, occupying the only means of transport I could procure, viz., a hired jingling jaunting-car, drawn by a blindish, lamish sort of a mare, which, however, I was assured by the owner and driver, was one of the best in Clare county, and when once warm in the collar, would trot like shot. "Oh, I'll engage, your honour," he said more than once, "we'll make out the road finely—never fear!" And, accordingly, we ended our journey twenty minutes after the Cork coach, which was to have dropped me at Fermoy, began its—in of the jingling jaunting-car laying the blame as usual on his hard fortune—for he swore the coach had always been at least half an hour first in starting till that very morning," bad luck to it!"

Time, tide, and the 24th, never yet waited for a substitute: a cock-and-bull story is out the same more, though she was the best in Clare county, would prove but a sorry "reason in writing" (when any thing was amiss in the regiment, we were asked by the commanding officer for "reason in writing"; and Gauntlet's reports to the Horse Guards were not wanting paper. Therefore, though but an slenderly provided with cash as an Irish country gentleman's one could decently be, I was obliged to hire a chaise and proceed: which I did without any extraordinary mishap till I arrived at Kilderrery, one stage from my destination. Here the winter's night set in; and my chance of getting past Fermoy on to Limerick was but small, seeing that a Gaelic chaise was standing quietly in the stable, while from within a gruff voice soundly rated mine host for not having any means of taking him forward to the very place I wished to go. No horses for one traveller—still less for two: we might join company, to be sure, yet still be only united in misfortune. The gruff voice swore roundly enough, and I sympathised with it: which the voice appeared to like, for it invited me to join it in the chaise, if animals could be procured. A pair had been kept by the landlord: but unfortunately one of them, and had expired of the glanders that very morning, and nothing could persuade its disconsolate mate to draw a chaise alone. The others about the yard, of which in Erin there is a plentiful abundance, suggested divers steeds: but one man's horse had been casting turf all day, another's had "divil a shoe to her foot," and that of a third was averred by the owner to be "quare in a sort of a wakeness about her off fore-shtiffall." At last, a neighbour, a distant if not absent neighbour, was mentioned as a substitute for the defunct. This suggestion was like a spark to gunpowder. The colt was caught, he neased, and put to with great despatch; but who was to drive seemed a question in the yard: though why any hesitation was shewn we had yet to learn. At the end of five minutes' whispering, however, a loose-looking character swallowed a couple of glasses of whiskey, rolled his *cottamore* about his person, flourished a cudgel, with a rope tied to it by way of a whip, about the head, seized the reins, crammed his hat, such as it was, down over his ears, and having perched himself on the driving-bar, gave an encouraging "hellups" to the nags: but he might as well have thus invoked spirits from the vasty deep—the chase did not stir. "Drive on!" cried my companion, whom I had perceived by the light from the *sod-cabin* hotel to be a dowcoast, black looking genius, like a half-washed coal-porter.

"Drive on" was the sentiment echoed from the crowd in several voices and in different modes of phraseology. For instance: "Can't ye be after starting?" cried one: "Hi 'em, Jack," exclaimed another: "Raise the hide of the crayture, John Carty; 'tis he has the rael go in his bones," roared a third: "Quit 'em both, your sowl to glory, Johnny!" exclaimed a fourth: "Strike him astone," was the ex-hortative advice of a fifth. Accordingly, John Carty, as it seemed our Phaeton junior was called, struck the old horse a thwack with the butt end of his whip, which the beast must have felt as compunctious as so at least, with about as much and no more effect than the Abbess of Andouillet's address to her mules in her *Sentimental Journey*—the emitted steed would not budge. He whisked the lash lightly over the other's loins: the result, putting its head between its fore-legs, kicked at him like fury. But it appears that John Carty had too much of a thorough-going Jehu in his composition to be scared by such trifles as horses' heels, for with a "*nonsense divel!*" he returned the colt's compliments in style with his cudgel, to the extreme gratification of the lookers-on, who and by encouraged both combatants. But though the interlude was choice amusement to them, and even, perhaps, might have been fun for Jack Carty I was by no means delighted with the prospect of a capsize. Bang! bang! went the colt's feet against the splinter-bar and front of the post-chaise—for that I did not much care: whack! whack! sounded the driver's whip handle on the *horse's* ribs in reply—neither did that give me pain; but I expected plunging and bolting to follow, which would have upset us in a twinkling; and accordingly mentioned my fears to my companion, who, however, did not appear to be all fearful of personal accidents, as he only told me to "sit asiey."

To "sit asiey," indeed, when I expected a broken neck, was not part of my system at all, so I rried to open the choise-face next to me; but it was as hermetically closed (with tenpenny nails I verily believed) as was the blackhole in Calcutta. I cried for emancipation as vigorously as a Roman Catholic; I besought my friend with the gruff voice to try the door on his side, by which I had entered this unhallowed vehicle; I cursed Jack Carty from the very bottom of my soul, with curses both loud and deep; but my cries were unheeded amidst the din of delight that rose wildly among the rillers; my new acquaintance was obdurate; Jack Carty was minding his cudgel play and shifting his shins; my imprecations were as froth in the tempest. The cowlt was, typical of my lively country, hushed into a rage by the arch-agitator, Jack Carty: the chaise, the constitution it wished to kick to pieces. How fervently and for the only time did I pray for an immediate repale of *one union*! In short, I was obliged, literally speaking, to grin and bear it.

When the desperate work had continued for a couple of minutes, Carty suddenly altered his tactics. He ceased to strike; and one of the spectators, thinking him vanquished in the strife, exclaimed, "By Gor, boy-o! the baste have flogged you entirely."

"Divil a hap'orth, you swaiveen with an ugly face!" returned our driver. "I'll start 'em yet, never fear! Fadreen agra, fetch me a gorg of furze out of the gap; and, little Thady, my blessings on you! just rowl a taste of red turf in a wisp of straw, and bring it hither to me. I'll engage, your honour, we'll go by an'by, if we have any luck."

His emissaries performed the parts assigned; one bringing the branch of a furze bush, and the other appearing with a handful of straw; for what purpose these adjuncts to his cudgel were paraded I could not guess. "Now, boys," said Carty, "one of ye's howld the head of the cowlt firm till I give the word. Are ye ready with the whip?"

"We are," answered little Thady.

"Give it a whisk in the wind till it lights, my *bouchal*; and, Padreen, lift up the old horse's tail, and shove the sprig between it and the crupper."

"By George, I won't stand this!" cried I

"A few short minutes," thought the count, "and he, who would touch mine honour, is no more."

"A few short minutes," thought the huntsman, "and my hated rival is undergoing his torment, that even I can wish him no worse."

"Misogenait can never taste," said Robert.

"Impossible," replied the count, "my directions were clear, direct, peremptory; no mistake can possibly occur. By this time, indeed, is Fridolin no more."

"Suppose, my lord, I ride and learn from Misogenait."

"Do so, Robert.—yet 'on useless; still ask him if my commands have punctually been executed."

"I will, my lord."

Fridolin arrived at the chapel, and uttered a long and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of his mistress and her son.—he rose from his knees, mounted his horse, and endeavoured, in some degree, to regain his lost time in the pious mission. His misfortune seemed hamied to him; his horse stumbled and broke his knee. Fridolin dismounted, and was compelled to walk ten minutes before he could procure another steed. He repressed the curse which arose on his lips at this unfortunate delay, and consoling himself with "every thing that happens is for the best," rode on. He soon had reached the Eisenhammer and called aloud to Misogenait.—"Have count Wilhelm's orders been observed."

Misogenait and his companion pointed to the glowing furnace, and replied.—" Tell your lord, the man is cared for, and his slaves await reward."

Fridolin astonished, and comprehending the answer as little as he did the question, turned his horse's head, and left the Eisenhammer.

The count walked up and down his apartment, his quick unequal step served to show the uneven state of his mind—he was waiting the arrival of Robert, who, ere now, might easily have returned. Steps were heard in the corridor, the door opened, and Fridolin calmly entered.

The count could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. Recovering his speech, he cried.

"Whence come you, Fridolin?"

"From the Eisenhammer, my lord."

"Impossible—has tarried by the way?"

"I visited, my lord, the chapel of the Heilege Trau, on a mission from the lady Adelheid."

"Have been to the Eisenhammer?"

"I have, my lord."

"What answer dost thou bring?"

"The answer's dark, my lord, I understand it not."

"Quick! the answer?"

"The man is cared for; and your slaves await reward."

"And Robert—has not him by the way?"

"I have not, my lord."

The count remained for some moments with his eyes raised to heaven, and then exclaimed—"The guilty one has perished, and the innocent is saved. And so it was. Robert impelled by his own bad passions, the necessity to hear his enemy was irresistably, soon reached the Eisenhammer, and on asking Misogenait, if the orders of the Lord of Savern had been obeyed, was instantly seized by that monster and his relentless confederate, and, in spite of his resistance, prayers, and entreaties, was hurled into the furnace where he soon must have been reduced to a cinder. The commission Fridolin had received from his lady, together with the accident that occurred to his horse had been the means of occasioning the steward to arrive only *second* at the scene of death, in time to hear that the punishment, destined for him, had fallen where it was so justly due; and the high honours with which he was immediately loaded, showed that his noble, but misled lord, was making ample reparation for his former unjust suspicions, and never yet did master own so true a servant as Fridolin, the steward, nor servant so generous a master as Wilhelm of Savern.

Foreign Varieties.

Selected from late English papers, received at this office

Paganini not Dead.—Accounts from Genoa, dated the 3d ultimo, deny the correctness of the report of the death of Paganini, the celebrated performer on the violin, the mistake having risen by the demise of his brother.

Sporting Parsons.—In the certificate list of shooters in the county of Derby, there are thirty with the word "reverend" attached to their names. In the Yorkshire list there ninety-three!

Education.—New York has one in four of her whole population at school; but Scotland has only one in ten; England has only one in twelve; Wales only one in twenty. While France, the very pink of refinement, has four millions of children untaught, and half her entire population unable to read, write, or cipher! Europe has nothing, except it be in Prussia, that will compare with the state of things we are now contemplating without injury. It may be well, if what she suffers by the comparison may induce her, though late, to ask for a remedy.—*Visit to the American Churches*

Antidote to Arsenical Poison.—We mentioned some time ago, that Doctors R. W. Bunsen and A. Berthold, in Gottingen, relying on experiments made on animals, recommended oxhydrate of iron as an antidote to the poison of arsenic: their experiments were confirmed by Souberain, Miquet, Monat, and Lesser, at Paris. Dr. Buzorini, physician of the badwirsh at Chingen, in the kingdom of Wirtemburg, has "proved the efficacy of this remedy, in a medico-legal case, on two persons poisoned with arsenic. One of them, a woman fifty years of age, had taken half-a-drachm, and her son, twenty-four years old, a scruple of white arsenic, after both of them had, besides, repeatedly taken smaller portions, administered to them in their food several days before, and when symptoms of poison were quickly allayed in a few hours after the oxyhydrate of iron was administered; that on the following day they were both out of danger; and now, a fortnight having elapsed, they are perfectly well.

Birth Extraordinary!—On Sunday last, at Bootle the wife of a labourer, named Southward, was delivered of three fine girls, all doing well. Mr. Shaw, in a letter to a contemporary, says:—"They are fine, beautiful infants, and are cradled most comfortably together in a large clothes-basket. They have been baptised by the Rev. Mr. Gladstone, by the names of Mary, Ellen, and Margaret. In proof of what exertions and privations the peasantry can endure, this poor woman was working hard at the washing tub until a late hour on Saturday evening. The mother and her little progeny seem very comfortable at present,—thanks to the care and attention of a worthy gentleman and his lady, of Walton, who have sent them a nurse and some baby-linen, besides allowing them whatever their bountiful establishment produced." We do not know whether the gentleman to whom Mr. Shaw alludes is the same who not only sent a half barrel of ale to the poor woman, but promised to give her £100 if she could bring them up so as to walk.

MARRIAGE AFTER BEHEAD.—Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals. Her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate. But the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, and threw her into a lingering disorder, which apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to the grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affection was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in, and probably as great was her pleasure at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination of her part, were too strongly for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage. The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging that the husband, by burying her, and forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by seeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to await the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.—*Causes Celebres.*

Ingenious Method of Applying Leeches.—In a conversation between Professor Lehman and his pupils, in the surgical clinic of the Charite, at Berlin, it was one day incidentally mentioned, that we possess no certain method of making leeches bite exactly where we wish; for in applying them with the finger, they generally swerve a little to one side; and when they are enclosed in tubes of glass, or quills, their inclination to bite is frequently checked by the confined position. Dr. Ernst Eiben, who happened to be present, immediately observed, "an experiment has just occurred to me, by means of which I can accomplish it." The professor consequently marked out a certain number of points on the skin of a patient. Dr. Eiben now took a piece of gray blotting paper, such as is used for straining coffee, and make in it a number of little holes, corresponding to the indicated points; he then dipped the paper in water, and laid it on the skin of the patient, in such a way that one of the little holes he had made in it with a pair of scissars should be exactly over one of the indicated spots. He then placed the leeches on the surface of the paper, which he prevented them from leaving. The animals finding themselves in contact with a rough surface to which they could not make themselves fast by means of the head, began to creep about, and continued their motions until they came to an opening in the paper. The moment each leech found such an opening, it instantly applied itself to bite the exposed points of skin; thus the object was effected. While the leeches were engaged in sucking, a little more water cautiously applied to the blotting paper rendered its removal easy.—*Medical Gazette.*

Saturday Evening Post.

NO. 1. NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The selections has shed us by "M," will be published shortly.

"The Broken Hearted," by N. is a very poor attempt at a love story, jejune in all the attractions of a tale of sentiment, love and passion. The author has probably never read Washington Irving's sketch, under a similar title.

The article on the "Literature of the United States," shall have a place next week.

Appointment by the Governor.

ROBERTS VAUX to be an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Philadelphia, in the place of the Hon. JONATHAN T. KNIGHT, resigned.

The above appointment, we are inclined to believe, will prove entirely satisfactory to the Philadelphia community. Mr. VAUX, who is a member of the Society of Friends, is well known and esteemed as a conscientious and worthy citizen.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NAVAL SKETCH BOOK.—Messrs. Carey & Hart have just issued an edition of "the Naval Sketch Book, or the Service afloat and ashore," from the pen of an officer in the British Navy. The work comprises reminiscences, adventures and fragments, and is a curious medley of the grave and gay, serious and laughable, dished up in a very agreeable and amusing manner. Although sea stories have lately been multiplied, with astonishing rapidity, we apprehend that the merits of the Sketch Book, will give it a prominent place among the new publications of the day.

The Traits of American Life, from the pen of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, by the same publishers, is a volume, every way worthy of the Editress of the Lady's Magazine. Mrs. Hale is universally admired for the delicacy of her style, and the purely moral sentiments which characterize her writings. The work before us purports to be a series of tales, illustrative of American social life, and are most of them based upon religious principles which will make them fit companions for all ages, and conditions of life. The Catholic Convent, we would principally recommend for its forcible expositions and beautiful illustrations of religious truths.

THE MAYDENS AND THE DAVENTRYS.—2 vols. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. These volumes comprise two tales, one a story of modern times, and the other a sketch illustrative of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion. They are from the pen of Miss Pardoe, an authoress well known to the reading public, by a number of credable productions. The present stories are well-written, and possess considerable interest.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RHINE.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published, in two volumes, "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, and a Corner in Italy," a very interesting work, evidently from the pen of a lady. The reminiscences are sketched with spirit, and in a pleasing and effective style, and though not intended as a detailed and accurate picture of society and manners, they embrace descriptions, incidents, observations and reflections, of great interest to the literary reader. They afford a very delightful recreation for a leisure hour.

Key & Biddle are about to publish the life of Gen. William H. Harrison, written by James Hall, Esq. of Cincinnati. We anticipate that it will prove a work of deep interest.

MRS. HEMANS'S POEMS.

Mr. Thomas T. Ash, Chesnut street, has just published, in a very neat octavo volume, the poetical works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, embracing the earlier as well as the later productions of that accomplished poetess, and excellent christian.

To the literary community, and to all who have a taste for genuine poetry, this work possesses extraordinary attractions. All of Mrs. Hemans's productions are distinguished by a high degree of poetic excellence, and we entirely concur in opinion with the Edinburgh Review, in pronouncing her "the most touching and accomplished writer, that English literature has yet to boast of." Deeply do we deplore her loss, and highly do we estimate and prize the rich effusions of her pen, and the

"Sweet and solemn breathing strain,"

that runs through every page of her diversified writings.

"Sweet and solemn breathing strain,"

that runs through every page of her diversified writings.

[illegible] thought from their wells find way.

In the sudden flow of the plaintive lay.

It is truly remarked by the author of the critical notice prefixed to this work, that while Mrs. Hemans wrote from an exhaustless reservoir of resources, the leading principle of her poetry was TRUTH. In delineating the fervor, the tenderness, the devotion of a woman's heart, and in painting scenes of a domestic character, also distinctive features of her poetry, she has never had a rival; and years, it is probable, will elapse, before another equally gifted appears among us. As long as memory lives, her thought gemmed productions, will be cherished as a legacy of inestimable value, and as a monument of the greatness and genius of the present age.

Mr. Ash has also recently published PETER PARLEY'S PRIMER, an excellent work for children: and a neat little book called THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, or Alphabet of Floral Emblems, the object of which is to afford amusement to those who are fond of horticulture and botany, and have ready access to flowers and plants. Of this work, which is, in reality, a dictionary of flowers, upwards of 15,000 copies were sold in London, in one month.

LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS.—1 vol. Harper & Brothers. This work is from the pencil William Godwin, well known as the author of "Caleb Williams," and other works of celebrity. It is designed to exhibit a fair delineation of the credulity of mankind, in all ages, particularly in reference to the popular belief in magic and supernatural agency. The first part of the book is occupied with sketches of the various modes in which the tendency to a belief in the supernatural had manifested itself among different nations, and with an able and learned attempt to explain the nature and cause of the principle. The succeeding portion is occupied with instances and illustrations, commencing with the examples which are found recorded in the bible, and proceeding with the superstitions of Greece, Rome, &c. to the dark ages of Europe, and thence to the time of witchcraft in New England. On the whole the "Lives of the Necromancers," though little else than a compilation, is a curious and entertaining work, rich in amusing incidents and instructive in philosophy.

We append one or two short extracts.

WITCHES HANGED BY SIR MATTHEW HALE.

One of the most remarkable trials that occur in the history of criminal jurisprudence was that of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, at Bury St. Edmond's, in the year 1661. Not for the circumstances that occasioned it, but they were of the coarsest and most vulgar materials. Two victims were two poor solitary women, of the town of Lowestoft, in Suffolk; who had, by temper and demeanour, rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to their whole neighbourhood. Whenever they were offended with any one, and this frequently happened, they vented their wrath in curses and ill language, muttered between their teeth, and the sense of which could scarcely be collected; and ever and anon they proceeded to utter dark predictions of evil, which should happen, in revenge for the ill treatment they received. The fishermen would accost them fish; and the boys in the street were taught to fly from them with horror, or to pursue them with hootings and scurrilous abuse. The principal charges against them were, that the children of two families were many times seized with fits, in which they exclaimed, that they saw Amy Duny and Rose Cullender coming to torment them. They vomited, and in their vomit were often found pins, and once or twice a two-penny nail. One or two of the children died; for the accusations spread over a period of eight years, from 1655 to the time of the trial. To back these allegations, a waggoner appeared, whose waggon had been twice overturned in one morning, in consequence of the curses of one of the witches; the wagon having first run against her hovel and materially injured it. Another time the wagon stuck fast in a gateway, though the posts on neither side came in contact with the wheels; and one of the posts being cut down, the wagon passed easily along.

The following is an account of one who was not bewitched, but *quasi* bewitch'd.

DOROTHY MATELEY.

I find a story, dated about this period, which, though it does not strictly belong to the subject of necromancy, or dealings with the devil, seems well to deserve to be inserted in this work. The topic of which I treat is, properly, of human credulity; and this misery of our nature can scarcely be more forcibly illustrated than in the following example.—It is recorded by the well-known John Bunyan, in a fugitive tract of his, entitled, The Life and Death of Mr. Badman; but which has since been inserted in the works of the author in two volumes folio. In minuteness of particularity and detail it may vie with almost any story which human industry has collected, and human simplicity has ever placed upon record.

"There was," says my author, "a poor woman, by name Dorothy Mateley, who lived at a small village called Ashover, in the county of Derby. The way in which she earned her subsistence was, by washing the rubbish that came from the lead mines in that neighbourhood though a sieve, which job on she performed till the earth had passed the sieve, and what remained was particles and small portions of genuine ore. This woman was of exceedingly low and coarse habits, and was noted to be a profane swearer, curser, liar, and thief, and her usual way of asserting things was with imprecation, as "I would I might sink into the earth if it be not so;" or, "I would that God would make the earth open and swallow me up, if I tell an untruth."

"Now it happened on the 23d of March, 1660, (according to our computation 1661,) that she was washing ore on the top of a steep hill, about a quarter of a mile from Ashover, when a lad, who was working on the spot, missed twopence out of his pocket, and immediately bethought himself of charging Dorothy with the theft. He had thrown off his breeches, and was working in his drawers. Dorothy, with much seeming indignation, denied the charge; and added as was usual with her, that she wished the ground might open and swallow her up, if she had the boy's money.

"One George Hopkinson, a man of good report in Ashover, happened to pass at no great distance at the time. He stood a while to talk with the woman. There stood also near the tub a little child, who was called to by her elder sister to come away. Hopkinson therefore took the little girl by the hand, to lead her to her that called her. But he had not gone ten yards from Dorothy, when he heard her crying out for help; and turning back, to his great astonishment he saw the woman, with her tub and her sieve, whirling round and round, and sinking, at the same time, into the earth. She sank about three yards and then stopped, at the same time calling lustily for assistance. But at the very moment a great stone fell upon her head and broke her skull, and the earth fell in and covered her. She was afterwards dug up, and found about four yards under ground, and the boy's two pennies were discovered on her person, but the tub and sieve had altogether disappeared.

THE DROWNED.—The Harpers have just issued the second volume of the uniform edition of the works of Bulwer, the novelist. It contains the whole of the Disowned, with two very pretty illustrations, and a new introduction on the nature of fictitious writing in general, written by the author. The work is executed in the most beautiful style of typography and binding.

Mrs. Trollope has produced another "infliction" in the shape of a novel, entitled "Tremordyn Cliff, or the Distressed Countess," which appears to meet with but little favour among the critics of her own country.—The work has not been republished in America, and probably will not be, as the lady does not stand very high in the estimation of her Yankee neighbours. The work is thus noticed in a late number of the London Court Journal.

"'Tremordyn Cliff,' or the 'Distressed Countess,' or the 'Interesting Embarrassment.' We beg to suggest the two last titles, as they would clearly express the style of books to which these volumes belong. Certainly a more absurd story was never written by a feather plucked from the wing of an owl, even in the most flourishing days of the Minerva Press. A young lady has most unfortunately a younger brother, who deprives her of the title and succession that, till fourteen, she had considered her own. For nearly twenty-one years she is making up her mind to kill him; however, she marries him instead—or rather has him married to a pretty English girl whom he meets in Switzerland. She down the mother with laudanum, has the tooth-ache herself, and ties up her face with a silk pocket-handkerchief; and by these notable contrivances contrives to conceal all evidence of the marriage. Why, a fifth-rate farce-writer would have managed the intrigue better. The brother dies; and at the age of forty, or thereabouts, Lady Augusta rises upon the fashionable world a beauty of the most appalling order. Then comes "injured innocence" and an interesting widow; a good deal of dialogue, half flippant and half dull; and, at last, a girl, whose history is singularly indelicate, and unfit for dead, sheets the marriage certificate, which the Countess had kept in a box in her table, for no earthly cause, but with every possible reason to prevent her doing it. The injured wife and child are restored to their rights, and Lucy Tremordyn politely driven to the cliff of that name, and throws herself into the sea. Certainly we do give Mrs. Trollope most extraordinary credit for the genius she has displayed in collecting together the improbable and the absurd. If the word trash had never been used before, it would have been invented on this especial occasion.

ADDRESS FOR THE PLACIDE BENEFIT.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

At the request of the committee, and spoken by Mrs. Hunt at the Park Theatre, on the evening of the twenty-seventh of October, 1835.

The music's done. Be quiet, Mr. Durie!
Your bell and whistle put me in a fury!
Don't ring up yet, sir—I've a word to say
Before the curtain rises for the play!
Your pardon, gentlefolks, but think me bold
Because I thus our worthy prompter scold:
'Twas all feigned anger. This enlightened age
Requires a ruse to bring one on the stage!
Well, here I am, quite dazzled with the sight
Presented on this brilliant festal night!
Where'er I turn, whole rows of patrons sit,
Ye bounteous tributary patrons to
Who says the New York public are unkind?
I know them well, and plain's speak my mind—
"It is our right," the ancient poet sings—
He knew the value of a woman's tongue!—
With this I will defend ye: and rehearse
Five glorious acts of yours—in modern verse:
Each one concluding with a generous deed
For Payne and Dunlap, Cooper, Knowles, Placide!
'Twas nobly done, ye patriots and scholars,
Besides—they netted *twenty thousand dollars!*
"A good round sum," in these degenerate times—
"The bank-note world," so called in Hallock's rhymes:
And pr conclusive, you will frankly own,
In several actions New York's souls alone.
Upon the stage, thirteen brief years ago,
Flushed with the hopes that ardent bosoms know,
A youth appeared; not friends, nor loud acclaim
Ushered him forth. Unheralded by Fame
He came among us, with a taste refined,
A vivid fancy and a burning mind;—
Nature his model, counsellor, and guide,
The goddess found him ever at her side:—
All her instructions he instinctive caught,
And ne'er "o'erstepped her modesty" in aught,
Until the wreath for which he strove was won,
And gay Thalia crowned her favorite son!
'Twas then the public, *with admiring eyes*,
Saw a new star in placid *benefit* rise,
And take its place, ascendant and alone,
The brightest jewel in the minick zone!
Though roams he oft 'mong green poetic bowers,
The actor's path is seldom strewn with flowers.
His is a silent, secret, patient toil—
While others sleeps he burns the midnight oil—
Pores o'er his books—thence inspiration draws,
And wastes his life to merit your applause!
Oh! ye, who come the lagged hours to while,
And with the laugh—provoking muse to smile,
Remember this: the mirth that cheers you so,
Shows but the surface—not the depths below!
Then judge not lightly of the actor's art
Who studies to please you, with a breaking heart!
Neglect him not in his hill climbing course
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse:
Up hill indulge him—down the steep descent
Spare, and don't urge him when his strength is spent;
Impel him kindly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget his worth!
So with the actor—while you work him hard,
Be mindful of his claims to your regard.
But hold, methinks some carping cynick here,
Will greet my homely image with a sneer.
Well—let us see—I would the creature view;
Man, with unabrageous whiskers, is it you?—
Ah no, I was mistaken—every brow
Beams with benevolence and kindness now;
Beauty and fashion all the circles grace—
And scowling envy here were out of place;
Oh every side the wise and good appear—
The very pillars of the state are here!
There sit the doctors of the legal clan,
There, all the city's rulers, to a man;
Crowds and editors and learned w. b.'s,
Buzzing and busy like a hive of bees;
And the c, as if to keep us all in order,
Our worthy friends the Mayor and the Recorder!
Well, peace be with you. Friends of native worth,
Yours is the power to call it into birth;
Yours is the genial influence under upon
The budding flowrets opening to the sun.
They all around us count your fostering hand—
Rear them with care, in beauty they'll expand—
With grateful odours well repay your toil,
Equal to those sprung fr m a foreign soil;
And no e Place de track in your sunshine then,
The first of actors and the best of men.

The Army and Navy Chronicle quotes from an English paper a description of a means of preventing vessels foundering at sea. It is simply by providing them with air tight panel cons. Four, one on each bow and quarter, the size to vary according to the tonnage of the vessel, will suffice, it is affirmed, to prevent vessels from sinking or being cast on one side. The plan, being so simple, is worth examination and experiment. It is said to have been discovered by accident. An American vessel, called the George, laden with sugar and molasses, on a voyage from Guiana, was overtaken by a hurricane, and filled with water, notwithstanding which, contrary to the expectation of all on board, she did not sink, but remained with her deck even with the water. Her salvation, it was found afterwards, was owing to half a dozen well stopped empty panel cons.

Married on the 15th July at Exeter, Mr. Joshua Stokes, of Sidbury, to Mrs. Ann Drake Partridge, of Exeter. It is not a little singular, and will certainly afford argument for fatalists in favour of their system, that these parties, who are now getting in years, were acquainted in their youth, and about to be united in the bonds of wedlock; a difference however, took place, and they parted. After a while each got married, and in the lapse of years became single, when the courtship was again renewed, with precisely the same result as before—a quarrel and second separation. Each again got married, and having become once more single, they resolved to put it out of the power of caprice, or aught but death to separate them more, by uniting their persons in the silk, a bonds of Hymen.

PICTURE OF A SLAVE MARKET.

From Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

May 20.

"This morning I was taken by a young gentleman of Constantinople to the slave market.

After traversing the long streets of Stamboul parallel with the walls of the old seraglio, and passing several splendid bazars crowded with merchants and purchasers we ascended by a few narrow streets into a dusty square, on which opened the gate of another bazar. We were indebted to the Turkish costume, in which we were dressed, and to the perfection in which my guide spoke the language, for our admittance to the market of human flesh.

The slave market is a vast uncovered court surrounded by a roofed gallery or piazza. Under the portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers; and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in these lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females, in spite of their copper-coloured complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave bazar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ankles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated nationless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus grouped, their neck and melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another and smiled. One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from the group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health; and the children, when released, eagerly joined their playmates and renewed their game. I next went under the covered portico, which were crowded with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in the traffic were walking about among the groups, superbly dressed in furred pelisses and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and pre-occupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandize: they supposed me to be Arab or Egyptian, and they did not venture to refuse admittance to any of the rooms. Constant dealers in cakes and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few pasters into the hand of one of them, and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a young negress, about eighteen or twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a pen and india ebony s— who sat alone on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed, and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held up in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed: her child, who was a mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop; but the mother snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, with an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and I requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase her together with the child for me. I would have brought up the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom M. Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arm round his mother's neck. But the bargaining was at a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when he agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the bicker scale, and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and overbearing a spirit in the harem; and that to respect and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but the secret orders that that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to, and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazar. We accordingly withdrew.

We looked into a great number of rooms, each containing four or five women, almost all black and ugly, but having the appearance of good health. Most of them appeared indifferent to their situation, and many even solicited purchasers. They talked and laughed together, and occasionally made critical remarks on the men who were bargaining for them. One or two wept, and concealed themselves in the further end of the chamber, and did not without repentance return to the alcove where they had been seated when we looked in. Several walked away cheerfully with a Turk who had purchased them, taking with them their little bundle tied in a handkerchief, and covering their faces with their white veils. We witnessed two or three acts of genuine humanity, for which even Christian charity might envy the good Musulmans. Several Turks purchased some old female slaves who had been sent away from the harems of their masters on account of their age and infirmities. We asked them why they had purchased the poor old women. "To please God," replied the broker: and M. Morlach assured me that several Musulmen were in the practice of sending to the markets to buy poor infirm slaves of both sexes, and support them, for the sake of charity, in their houses.

The inner rooms we entered were half closed, and we were at first refused admittance. There was only one slave in each room, under the guard of a female. These slaves were young and beautiful Circassian girls, newly arrived from their country. They were dressed in white, and with a remarkable degree of elegance. Their fine features were expressive of neither sorrow nor indignation, but disdainful indifference. The beautiful white slaves of Georgia or Circassia have become extremely rare since the Greek females no longer people the seraglios, and since Russia has interdicted the traffic in women. Nevertheless, many Georgian families still devote their daughters to this odious traffic, and cargoes of them are from time to time carried away by contraband dealers. The price of these beautiful creatures varies from twelve to twenty thousand piastres, (from three to five thousand francs,) while black slaves of ordinary beauty do not sell for more than five or six hundred francs, and the most beautiful of a thousand or twelve hundred. In Arabia and in Syria, female slaves may be purchased for five or six hundred piastres, (from a hundred and fifty to two hundred francs.) One of the Georgian girls whom we saw at the bazar was a faultless beauty. Her features were delicate and intelligent, her eyes soft and pensive, and her skin dazzling white. She was sold before our eyes for the harem of a young pacha of Constantinople. But the females of Georgia and Circassia are in general far from possessing the charms of the Arabian women,—their beauty is touched by the coldness of the North.

ROSNEY, Va., Oct. 24.—We are indebted to a highly respectable gentleman of Hardy county, for the following facts relative to a Mammoth Apple Tree, on the farm of Capt. Daniel M'Neill, of that county. Our informant says that he took the dimensions of the Mammoth Apple Tree carefully and accurately, and found it to be 45 feet in height and 55 in breadth; circumference at the trunk 9 feet 4 inches. About seven feet from the root there are eleven branches, the average size of which are 3 feet and ten inches in circumference. But the most remarkable fact about it, is the quantity of fruit it bore the present year—one hundred and eighty bushels of apples were taken from it this fall. Four or five bushels, of such as were bruised and partially and entirely rotten, were left under the tree: and a good deal of fruit must have been taken away by different persons through the summer and fall; so that the real quantity it bore must have been very near, if not quite two hundred bushels. The apples are very large. It stands near the south branch, on very rich soil. I have been informed that it did not bear any fruit until after it was twenty years old. It grew spontaneously where it now stands, and, although forty years old, continues to grow.

Attempt to rob the Merchants Bank.—About 11 o'clock on Saturday night last, one of the watchmen of the Bank, heard a noise in the building, which he at first supposed to proceed from the scratching of a dog which he thought might have been inadvertently left in the bank. He went to the door leading to the Rotunda of the Exchange from Second street, when the noise became more distinct, and he was convinced that some person was within the building. As the doors leading to the Rotunda were all fastened, the watchman went to Page's Hotel and awoke the porter, who admitted him to the Rotunda and accompanied him to the door of the Maryland Insurance Office. This office adjoins the Merchant's Bank, and is separated from it by a brick partition.

They found the door of the office fastened, but distinctly heard a person moving within—some of the windows of the windows, fronting on Gay street, was opened and the person leaped for the street. Hastening to the front of the building, they found the robber, who, in making the leap from the window had fallen into the area leading to the basement and injured his leg so much as to prevent his escape. He was immediately seized and conveyed to the watch house, where he gave his name William Freeman.

He is a small man, gen eely dressed, sandy complexion, thin visaged, from 30 to 40 years of age, and a forrigner.—*Balt. Chronicle.*

One of the French editors, under the new gag law on the press, has been sent to prison for six months, and fined 1000 francs, for saying that the ministers of 1835 have done what the ministers of 1810 in vain attempted.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

A fire broke out on Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Rodgers, in Second near Cedar street. Prompt assistance soon put out the fire without much injury having been done.

The City Councils assembled on Monday last, and elected Tobias Hibber, Thomas Harper and James Hutchinson, as Inspectors of Prisons. Messrs. John E. Keen and Isaac Koons were elected the same day by the Commissioners of the Northern Liberties.

It is announced in the London Gazette, of the 23d ult., that His Britannic Majesty had appointed the Hon. Stephen Fox, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America. Mr. Fox is a son of Lord Holland, and has occupied the Post of Minister Plenipotentiary in Brazil.

Another State.—The Legislature of Arkansas convened at Little Rock, Oct. 5th. The Arkansas Gazette says:—"We are gratified to find the members almost unanimous in favour of State Government, and we presume a Convention Bill will be preached in a day or two, and passed forthwith."

Drinking Toasts.—An individual in Opelousas, narrowly escaped being lynched at a wedding frolic, for giving the following toast, which the company pressed, interpreted as a proof of his being an abolitionist.

"Health to the sick—honour to the brave—
Success to the lover, and *freedom to the slave.*"

Joseph Ritner has received a greater number of votes than any Governor ever elected to the executive chair in Pennsylvania.

Birds to Wit.—An old country gentleman who seldom wanders from his native bowers further than a day's hunting or shooting takes him, lately came to town to pay his respects to a noble relative of his; when he was complimented by being put in the best bed.—The enormous height of his couch not a little alarmed the old gentleman, and it was some time before his man could get him safely lodged between the sheets. "What o'clock would you like to get up, sir?" asked John, on retiring. "Get up!" exclaimed the squire, "get *down*, you mean; and once safely on my legs, if ever I get to that bed again may I be hob-nobbed all my life."

Compliment to a Poet.—The beautiful Marguerite d'Ecosse, wife of Louis XI., having discovered Alain Chartier, the poet, one day asleep in the king's antechamber, bestowed on him a kiss, saying it was not the man she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many fine sentiments, and so many charming words.—*Miss Costello's Specimens of the Early Poetry of France.*

Crocodiles.—Humboldt estimates the male crocodile to be at the age of puberty, when it is ten years old, and 8 feet long, and he concludes that one dissected by Monsieur Bonpland, which was 22ft. 3in. long, must have been 28 years old.

The intelligence of the late attempt on Louis Philippe was broken with the greatest care to his queen, but they could not persuade her that she knew the worst. She walked up and down the chamber wringing her hands, or rushing herself to the door to question the Aid-de-camps who were despatched to bring intelligence. When the arrival of the king was at last announced, she ran down the stairs, met him at the doors of the palace, and bursting into tears threw herself into his arms. Her daughters had followed her, and there was not a dry eye in the group, excepting the king's who preserved the same aird resolute composure he had kept through the whole transaction.

A Quaker's Charitable Donation.—At a meeting of the Wilmington Society, held at Duck, last week, Mr. John Sheppard, of France, related the following anecdote of a member of the Society of Friends: Being asked for a contribution for building a church, he replied, "Thou knowest we are not friends to thy steeple-houses; but I suppose before thou wilt build another thou wilt pull down the old one?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, then," said he, "I'll give thee 500 to pull down the old one."

On Dit.—It is said that Judge McLean is to be made Chief Justice in the place of Marshal, and that Mr. Taney will be appointed to the place Mr. McLean now holds.

Female Sagers.—"Dear me, ma'am," said a lady a the other day to her friend, "did you hear that Mr. —— had committed suicide?" "I heard he had *committed* something or other, and that it was more serious; but you, mem, who know every thing, what'll be done to him, think you?" "Done to him! he does not live the country, he'll be banished, as sure as he's living."—*Laird of Logan.*

The population of Austria, divided into religious sects, is as follows:—500 Mahomedans, 13,000 Armenians, 50,000 Unitarians, 480,000 Jews, 1,280,000 Lutherans, 1,360,000 members of other reformed Churches, 2,010,000 members of the Greek Church, and 26,970,000 Catholics.

American Almonds.—Mr. Ira Simpson of Gates county, near Rochester, has raised this year nearly a peck of Almonds from a branch of that fruit tree engrafted on a peach.

It is said that Louis Phillippe is so much afraid of assassination that he seldom ventures out. Fieschi has entirely recovered, but refuses to betray his confederates. The French army is reported to be dreadfully disaffected.

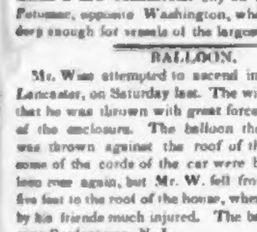
*Thanksg

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rickett, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 6, 1835.

ASHES		Sugar-house	47 49
Pot	5 75	do. N York	49 50
Pearl	7 50 7 75	do. Philada	44 48
BUTTER		do. Steam	46 50
Tub		Trinidad	
Extra keg, No. 1	12½ 13	Porto Rico	32 34
No. 1	12 12½	Exp. French bl	30 31
No. 2	10 11	Hav & Matanzas	
COAL		MACKEREL	
Lehigh	4 75 5 00	No. 1 bbl	8 50
Schuylkill	4 75 5 25	No. 2	7 50
COFFEE, duty free		No. 3	5 50
Java	13 13½	OIL	
St. Domingo	11 11½	Linseed, Am. from store	88 93
Porto Rico	12 13	do Dutch	
Cuba	11½ 12½	Whale, sol	43 45
Laguira	12 13	Sperm winter	1 05 1 10
Rio	11½ 12½	do summer	95 1 00
COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb		PAINTER PARIS	
Louisiana	17 20	In Del'ware ten	3 00
Mobile	16½ 19	In Schuylkill	3 00
N Ala and Tenn	17 19	SEEDS	
S C and Geo	16½ 18	Clover, fresh	4 00 5 75
N C and Va	16½ 18	Flaxseed rough	1 60 1 65
FREIGHTS		do. clean cask	
To Pittsburgh, per canal		Timothy, bbl	1 75 3 00
per lb	1 1½ 3 00	do. bush	
FLOUR and MEAL		Orchard grass	2 00
Superfine, bbl	6 00	WHISKEY	3 00
Fine	5 50 5 75	Rye in bbls	30 31½
Rye	4 00	do in hhds	30
Middling		do from waggons	29
Corn meal	4 12½ 4 25	WOOL	
do in hhds	3 75 4 00	Prime Saxony fleece	
GRAIN		lb	70 78
Rye	88 84	Am wash full bld	62½ 67½
Rye Southern		do 1 blood	53 57½
Wheat Pa	1 21 1 24	do 1 blood	50 52½
do South bush	1 21 1 24	do 1 and com	47½ 47½
Corn L C white	91 92	Am unwash full bld	27 30
do L C yellow	93 94	do 1 blood	26 27
do U C round	83 1 00	do 1 blood	25 25
Oats Pa	40 41	do 1 and com	20 22
Southern	40 41	Sup'r pulled lambs	52 56
Barley Eastern		do Pa	45 47
do Pa	75 80	No 1 do	42 47
BEES		No 2 do	35 37½
1st sort, 1835	16 16	No 3 do	25 30
MOLASSES		Spa sheep R F & S	
New Orleans		do lambs	



PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 7, 1835.

The second fall races over the Trenton Course, will commence on Tuesday, Nov. 10th, and continue four days. The jockey club purse of 1000 dollars, four mile heats, will be contended for on the fourth day.

THE BOAT RACE.

The Regatta, for which preparations were commenced some time since, and which will probably be a late of singular interest, is appointed for Thursday of next week, should the weather be favourable.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—We are under obligation to Mr. *Edward Nicholson, of Hamilton, Pa.* for a present of a specimen of the fruit of his apple orchard, very fine in appearance, and to Mr. Samuel Wynn, of Blockley township, for a mammoth radish, 24 inches in circumference, and weighing 13 pounds. The radish was grown on the premises of William E. George, Esq. and is the largest article of the kind we have ever seen.

The American Museum still continues to attract a large share of public patronage. The liberal encouragement it receives has induced the enterprising proprietors to engage for a short period Herr Smith's, *Pyric Fires*, or artificial revolving fireworks, of the effects of which a correspondent thus speaks:

"The entertainments now offered at the American Museum prove quite attractive, indeed, we have never seen any thing of a similar nature that surpasses Herr Smith's Pyric Fires, in beauty of design and brilliancy of effect. His dissolvent tableaux, are quite different from any thing we have ever seen. The various changes are truly beautiful and astonishing. Upon the whole we know of no exhibition that so richly merits public patronage as this.

A NEW CITY.

It is stated that a project has been started to establish a new commercial city on the shore of the Potomac, opposite Washington, where the water is deep enough for vessels of the largest class.

BALLOON.

Mr. Wise attempted to ascend in a balloon from *Lancaster*, on Saturday last. The wind was so violent that he was thrown with great force against the side of the enclosure. The balloon then ascended, but was thrown against the roof of the tavern, where some of the cords of the car were broken; the balloon rose again, but Mr. W. fell from the car about five feet to the roof of the house, whence he was taken by his friends much injured. The balloon descended near Bordentown, N. J.

A state convention, consisting of delegates from all parts of the state, is announced to be held at Utica, N. Y. on the 11th instant, for the purpose of adopting measures to promote a general system of internal improvements, which shall develope the great and important natural advantages possessed by the state of New York, and with a view of securing to the city the benefit of intercourse of the great west, to which by nature it is eminently entitled.

According to the Harrisburg Reporter, the result of the vote for a convention, is as follows: For a convention 84,611—against it 73,006—majority in favor of a convention 11,613.

STEEL PENS.

We write this paragraph with an extra patent Fountain Pen, a supply of which has lately been received on sale by Mr. Horner, 23 south Fourth street. It is a neat and serviceable article, and possesses the merit of containing sufficient ink to write a long letter without blotting. The steel pen is one of the best inventions of the age, and if we are not much mistaken it will very soon entirely supercede the use of the goose quill.

DREADFUL OUTRAGE.—The Aiken (S. C.) Telegraph of the 30th October, records one of the most horrid butcheries of which we have ever read. The house of a Mr. Smithee, on Ford Creek, was forcibly entered at night, the inmates, thirteen persons murdered, many valuable articles stolen, and then the house destroyed by fire with the bodies of the victims. Three were Mr. Smithee, his wife, and five children, and six German emigrants, who had stopped for the night on their way to some of the upper districts. Suspicion rests on a white man, who had been seen dodging about for some days. A reward of ten thousand dollars is offered for the discovery of the murderer.

Mr. Smithee is represented to have been a wealthy, intelligent and honest man, and was for several years a member of the state legislature.

AN ORIGINAL INCIDENT.—A political meeting was held in Tammany Hall, New York, on Thursday night of last week, to receive the report of a committee appointed to nominate candidates for Congress and the Assembly. As some objection to a part of the nomination was anticipated, the friends of the ticket had it passed in a very hurried manner, and immediately after stopped the supply of gas, in the hope of inducing them present to retire. It seems, however, that this movement was anticipated, for no sooner were the gas lights extinguished, than a number of the opposition pulled their candles and lucifer matches out of their pockets, with which they had come provided, and re-illuminated the hall! We very much question whether the annals of political intrigue and manœuvering will exhibit a similar instance of sagacity and ingenuity. The opposition with the tallow candles, formed a new ticket.

SUSPICION OF FRANCE.—Speaking of the "infernal laws," as they are called, in relation to the French press, the Baltimore American remarks—A number of Journals, particularly in the Provinces, have stopped or been suppressed. The spirit of some of them is unquenched. The *National* says that the new laws must be interpreted by all who hold any liberal opinions to ordain that "they unite, under penalty of transportation, ruin and death, against the Ministry called Doctrinaire, and to be lead aside by no distraction till its fall be accomplished." M. Thiers has published an ordinance which commands that all stock plays and farces be brought to him for revision and approbation. The Tartuffe is in danger of being superseded under the operation of censors, all caricatures of any cupancy have disappeared. If there is not another revolution soon, Louis Philippe and his ministers will absolutely make Paris dull.

REVENUE OF THE CHURCH, OF ENGLAND.

The annexed extract from Colton's "Four Years in Great Britain," illustrates the manner in which church tithes are collected in that country, and exhibits some of the grievances which the tithe system has imposed on the people.

"The Hamlet of Mottingham, in Kent, contains about six hundred acres of land, and has no church, or chapel of ease, or school, or church service; but, for some cause now unknown, is by ancient custom, liable to pay annually, the sum of 8*l* 13*s* 4*d*, to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. This Ecclesiastical body has granted to a Mr. Clayton, an attorney, the power to levy this sum on the Hamlet, in consideration of the sum of 250*l* paid to them once in seven years, making Mr. Clayton's annual payment about 14*l* 7*s* 7*d*. Mr. Clayton, for the annual sum of 200*l* has granted to a Mr. Morris, a farmer in the vicinity of Mottingham, the power to levy tithes on the Hamlet, which he has done to the extent of two shillings an acre—making his income in the 600 acres, 300*l*. per annum.

"Murmurs and complaints nature ly arose, and although a law-suit was instituted, in hope of getting rid of the burden, it was in vain; and the tithe-contractor has made his own terms, taxing the land according to his ideas of the improved value.

"Mr. Baker, a nurseryman at Mottingham, holds about two acres of ground, which he has much improved, and for the tithe of which, Mr. Morris claimed first 15*s*. per acre, and afterward, 20*s*. per acre. The latter claim was however abandoned, on Mr. Baker's expressing his determination to defend against any action that might be brought against him.

"Thus for the original right (whatever that might have been) to make the Hamlet pay 8*l* 13*s* 4*d* per annum, in lieu of tithe, a power is usurped by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, to increase the charge by adding 35*l* 14*s* 4*d* per annum. Mr. Clayton, the attorney, purchases for 44*l* 7*s* 7*d* per annum, the power to extort the sum of 185*l* 12*s* 8*d* per annum, and Mr. Morris, the farmer, by giving Mr. Clayton 200*l*. per annum, purchases the further power of extorting 600 per annum, more or less, as he is able to prevail on the parties."

The power of the clergy in increasing their incomes at pleasure, at the cost of those who do not belong to the established church, is further illustrated in the following incident which came under Mr. Colton's personal observation.

"How do you do, Mr. ——?" said the rector of ——, within fifty miles of London, to a dissenting clergyman, whose chapel, dwelling-house, and garden happened to be in the rector's parish. "You have a fine garden here, sir."

"Yes, sir, I am very fond of a garden. Come, walk through, and see it."

"Indeed it is not only very pretty, but I should think it might be profitable," said the rector, as he surveyed the premises in company with his dissenting brother, and while the latter took great pleasure in displaying all, and giving the history of his improvements.

"There is about half an acre here, as you see," said the dissenting minister. "Half of it is ornamental, where I take pleasure with my 13 children; and the other half furnishes vegetables to feed them. You would hardly believe it, but this little patch, under the culture of my own hand, got as great way toward supplying the table of my numerous family."

"Indeed, sir. And how many years has it been so productive?"

"Some half dozen or more."

It was a morning call of the rector, for a purpose best known to himself, as he had never condescended to visit his dissenting brother before. Having seen and been told all, appertaining to the beauty and profitableness of the garden, from the open and unsuspecting communications of the owner, the rector said—"Good morning," and retired.

The next day, or soon afterward, the rector's steward sent in a bill for tithes on the said garden of 1*l*, or nearly $29, per year, for six years previous, and the same for the then current year—amounting in all to 42*l*—or about $200; to continue, as I suppose at 6*l*, or nearly $29 a year, on a quarter of an acre of land!

The rector I think, was a bachelor, on a living of some hundreds of pounds a year, which he could augment at pleasure, by these modes. The descending clergyman had a family of *thirteen* children, and a small congregation, which could afford him only a slender support—by no means adequate for the demands of his family. He was astounded at the bill!—for it was positively and unavoidably distressing.

"But you did not pay it?" and I, when he narrated to me the facts.

"Your ignorance of this country, sir, as manifested by this question, is very excusable. There is no redress for such an imposition—no tribunal for defence, to which a poor man will dare to appeal. The ecclesiastical courts, which have the supervision of all such matters, will always defend the right of clergymen of the established church. Clergymen of this establishment, as this instance will show, have great powers, and a wide reach of discretion, in regard to tithes and other church dues. The law supposes them to be good men and reasonable; and a hundred or a thousand to one of those who appeal to the law for protection against those extortions, return saddled with the enormous expense of English law. Remedy at law in such cases, is absolutely and utterly discouraging; and few but the wealthy and influential, who can afford to fight for principle and justice, venture upon it. Ordinarily, the oppressions light on those, who are not likely to show such resistance."

Estimating the revenues of the Church of England at 9,459,565l, the subjoined table will show the mode and ratio in which they are distributed among the different orders of the clergy.

2	Archbishops	receive, each	£26,163
24	Bishops,	do	10,174
28	Deans,	do	1,580
61	Archdeacons,	do	739
26	Chancellors,	do	494
514	Prebendaries and Canons,	each	545
330	Precentors, Petit-Vicars, &c.	do	338
2686	Aristocratic pluralists mostly non-residents,	do	1,863
4305	Incumbents, about one-half residents,	do	761

The poor curates, who constitute the working clergy, in number 5,282, and supply the places of the aristocratic and other incumbents, are paid the aggregate and annual sum of 434,990*l*, out of 9,459,565*l*.

Generally speaking the church-going people of England have no power to choose their own ministers. The king appoints 1,048, the Archbishops and Bishops 1,301, Deans and Chapters, 969, the universities and collegiate establishments 743, private individuals 6,619. About 5000 of the livings of the Church of England and Wales, are *in the gift of the aristocracy, and are of course conferred upon their younger sons and family connexions, whatever may* be their character, as so many pieces of property, sometimes two, three, four or more rich livings on a single individual. For example, says Mr. Colton, the eldest son of the Bishop of Ely, has held six preferments at the same time, from his father's hand, worth 4,500*l*, or $21,600 annually. His son-in-law, has been presented with three by the bishop, worth 3,700*l*, or $17,760. Another son has held six at the same time by his father's gift—worth 4,000*l*, or $19,200. The total annual income of the family from these sources, including the bishop's, is quoted at 29,742*l*, or $191,721; and this appropriated by a father, his two sons, and a son-in-law. The Beresford family, in all its branches, at the head of which is the archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, is said to realize annually from the church, 100,000*l*, or $480,000. Washington, Bishop of Cloyne, a poor man at the beginning, left from his acquisitions out of his diocese, 120,000*l*, or $576,000, to his children. It was stated by Sir John Newport in parliament, that three Irish bishops within fifteen years had left to their families 700,000*l*, or $3,360,000, average to each $1,120,000.—A *former Bishop* of Cloyne, as I have seen stated, went to Ireland *without a shilling*, and after eight years died worth more than 300,000*l*, or $1,440,000.—The late Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, resided twenty years abroad, without being nice in the choice of his company, and received in the mean time from his diocese, revenues to the amount of 240,000*l*, or $1,512,000. More than *one-third* of the incumbents of the Irish Protestant Church are non-residents, some of whom with incomes from 5,000*l* to 10,000*l*, absorbed from the parishes, are living on the continent with their families.

The worst feature, however, in the Church System of England, is the monstrous injustice which it inflicts upon the people of Ireland. The population of Ireland is now about 8,000,000, of whom about 500,000 only, are connected with the established church, there being in the country at least 7,000,000 Roman Catholics. To provide a religion for 500,000 conformists there are 1,140 churches, and tithes and imposts are annually exacted, from catholics, as well as others, to the amount of about 1,181,021*l*, or $5,673,700. This sum is divided among 4 Archbishops, eighteen Bishops, and 1,270 clerical incumbents, of whom 507 are non-residents. The annual income of each of the Archbishops and Bishops, is over 10,000!

To collect this revenue it frequently becomes necessary to employ an armed force, for the people are naturally unwilling to pay for the maintenance of a system of religion for which they have no fellowship. Armed troops are therefore constantly maintained in Ireland, to aid the clergy in grinding the face of the poor. The expense of this army in 1831, was 1,025,-631*l*, and of the police a little less than 300,000*l*. Again, the law runs between the people of Ireland and the clergy, on account of tithes, from 1817 to 1821, were 100,000 cases, which if in fair to presume cost 500,-000*l*. Thus, it appears, that the established church religion, for 500,000 souls in Ireland, costs annually about 2,807,021*l*, or $13,512,700, collected principally from 7,500,000 individuals, who are conscientiously opposed to that religion, and who never would pay a cent, were it not for the constant presence of an overwhelming military force. How long will such gross injustice be permitted to exist!

The collection of tithes in Ireland, as our readers are well aware, frequently leads to scenes of riot, bloodshed and murder. A striking instance occurred in 1831, which is mentioned by Mr. Colton, whose account we extract.

In December, 1831, the Rev. William Ryder, archdeacon, incumbent of the parish of Gurtin, at Rathcormac, Cork county, Ireland, having obtained a military force from the new government, (Peel's administration,) proceeded to distrain for 3*l* of tithe due against the widow Ryan. Being himself a magistrate he headed the troops, and as appeared from the testimony of witnesses afterward examined, when pressed on all sides by the exasperated populace, he gave orders, first to *draw swords*; next, *to load*; and last, to *fire*. Nine persons were *killed*, and as many wounded!

The population of the parish is 2,800 Catholics and 29 *Protestants*, 13 of the last being members of the archdeacon's family. The tithes of the parish are 1,500*l*, or $7,200. Setting aside the 13 members of the archdeacon's family, it would appear, that more persons were actually *shot down* by him, than there were members of his congregation; and *nine were sent into eternity!* it being more than half the number of his congregation, which, aside from his own family, amounted only to 16. As was very proper, the archdeacon and the other magistrates, who assisted him, were indicted before a grand jury for wilful murder.—They will doubtless be acquitted, as the murder was legalized.

For all the facts stated in the foregoing we are indebted to Mr. Colton, who appears to have laboured, with great zeal and earnestness, in obtaining correct information on the various subjects he has introduced into his very excellent and entertaining work. Believing a brief compilation of the prominent features of the established church system of England would prove interesting, we have prepared the above, most of the particulars of which, we apprehend, will be new to our readers. A review of the subject will have the effect, we hope, of making us more charitable toward the errors of a people who are thus goaded on to deeds of desperations, by the swords and bayonets of a band of mercenaries, marching under the much abused, and villainously prostituted banner of religion, and of instilling into our hearts feelings of gratitude, that our lot has been cast in a land of freedom, where each man may worship God in his own way, and sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to make him afraid.

The Grand Jury of one of the counties of Georgia have *presented* Judge White as a nuisance, for "disturbing the harmony of the democratic party," by permitting his name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency. This caps the climax of all jury presentments have ever heard tell of.

THEATRICAL.

Madame Celeste has performed at the Chesnut street Theatre, every evening during the week, and will conclude her engagement to-night with a benefit. Her performances are exceedingly interesting, and have drawn crowded houses. We presume she will be re-engaged.

Mrs. Pritchard, formerly Mrs. Tatnall, a melo dramatic actress of some celebrity, has been performing at the Walnut street Theatre, during the week. Miss Duff will take a benefit this evening. She will be assisted by Mr. A. Addams, who takes the part of Richard the Third. The house ought to be crowded. The receipts at the Placide benefit amounted to $1422, of which Mr. Placide received $3500.

MR. KNOWLES.

The N. York Commercial Advertiser, from which we copied an article in our last paper, relating to Mr. Knowles, has a further communication on the subject, tending to explain the grounds upon which the charges in the first article were made. The editor disavows all feeling of personal hostility against Mr. Knowles, and adds:

We had long since received information, which we believed and still believe, that the conduct of Mr. Knowles while in this country was very far removed from that of a moral man; and much had been said of his connexion with a young unmarried female, who travelled with him in this country, put up with him at the same hotels, and finally accompanied him to England. We were distinctly informed, from various sources, that his connexion with this female was in violation not only of decorum but of morality; and that it was the cause of his proposed benefit at Philadelphia, proving abortive and unprofitable.

Hearing and believing these things, our indignation was roused at the shameless bringing forward of such a man as a deserving candidate for public munificence on the score of his private worth; and we gave utterance to our feelings. As to personal ill-will against the man, or the young female who was said to be his companion, we could have none, for we never saw either of them; and as to the latter, we never named her—the Times to the contrary notwithstanding—for the excellent reason that we never read or heard her name, until it was brought before the public by the Albany Daily Advertiser. If we have wronged them or either of them, we shall not be slow to make all the reparation in our power; and here we feel called upon, as an act of justice to the parties, to say that while excoriating this article, a highly respected friend, who knows the parties, assures us that the story —which the Albany Daily Advertiser admits Knowles was apprised of—is altogether untrue. What we stated was therefore no secret; it has been repeated, time and again *in conversation*—publicly asserted and commented on for months—and so far as we are informed, nothing but the private opinion of some good natured and charitable individuals has appeared to prove it other than the truth.

The editor concludes his explanations as follows:

Since others, the personal friends of Mr. Knowles, have mentioned the name of a lady in connexion with this matter—a lady, as we have before remarked, of whose name we have been until now entirely ignorant, there can be no harm in our repeating it. We therefore copy the following paragraph from the Albany Daily Advertiser, as an act of justice to Mr. Knowles; because, present or absent, it common fame has led us into error, we are not the men to withhold ready and ample atonement:—

The lady (says the writer in the Albany Daily) alluded to, is Miss Elphinstone. And if ever a female was unjustly assailed, it is she. During her residence in Philadelphia, *she resided in a most respectable family*, and when on a brief visit to this city was attended by the head of that family, an aged and venerable citizen.

Mr. Knowles himself informed me that he had heard of the report at the time of the Philadelphia benefit, and assured me that it was an infamous slander—one which hurt his feelings deeply, and that the young lady was not only one of the most excellent of her sex, but scrupulously exact in her notions of propriety. Not meeting with that success she expected in this country, she became the pupil of Mr. Knowles, who, it is well known, has for many years taught the principles of elocution.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCY.—SIX LIVES LOST.—The Belfast (Me.) Journal of Saturday week contains the particulars of a most distressing occurrence. On the morning of the 23d ult. the dwelling house of Mr. Joseph Ellis of Brooks, was consumed, and *five of his sons and one hired man perished in the flames!* The Journal says—

"Mr. Ellis formerly resided in Prospect, and had removed to Brooks to prosecute the lumbering business. He had on Thursday last, the day before the conflagration, a family consisting of his wife, three daughters and seven sons, besides his hired people. The youngest child was but two days old, and the mother of course confined to her bed. On Thursday evening Mr. Ellis directed one of the young men to put a log in the kitchen fire place, and so prepare the fire that it might be comfortable for the nurse in case she should have occasion to rise. The one who he, put on was rather large; and being hollow, probably burned more rapidly than had been anticipated. The mother with her infant and nurse occupied the bed room near the kitchen; and all the rest of the family chambers of the house. The eldest son and daughter were from home on a visit, and another daughter, a little girl, was that night at the house of a neighbour.

About midnight Mrs. Ellis was alarmed by an unusual light shining into her room, and spoke to the nurse to arise and see what was the cause. She opened the door, but was met with such a rush of dense smoke and heat that she screamed, and shut it instantly. She tore out the window of her room and sprung out herself to alarm the family and call for help. Mr. Ellis having heard her first cry and run down stairs, rushed through the burning room, and opened the outside door. He could not return. His first object was to save his wife; for he knew that in regard to her there would not be a moment to lose. He ran round to her window, tore away the high headboard which stood next to it, and took his wife and infant out—also the upper bed, on which he placed them on the ground. The next object was to save the children. One of the hired men had sprung from his bed at the first call and attempted to follow Mr. Ellis down, but the smoke and heat which rushed up the stairs when the lower door was opened were insufferable, and the man turned round and leaped from the chamber window. The daughter, a young lady of about sixteen years, followed him.

The doors and windows being thus opened, gave free circulation to the air, and the house being unplastered, and extremely dry, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity and were almost instantaneously rolling through the whole upper part of it, and bursting out at the roof. By this time some of the neighbors had arrived, and a man ascended to a chamber window, but could not enter. He called, but nothing could be heard but the roaring of the flames. The young man, from whose side the other had escaped, and five little boys were all suffocated, and silent in death; all consuming in the fire which enveloped their beds. I asked the daughter whether she heard any cry from the others as she was fleeing from the chamber. She replied with unutterable emotion, "I did hear my youngest brother say Pa! Pa!!—but I could not help him." This was the youngest excepting the infant, and had been sleeping in the same bed with his father. Those who were saved escaped as they sprung from their beds, saving nothing from the flames."

COMMUNICATION.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTHERN SLAVES.

[Inserted by Particular Request.]

As there has been much excitement in consequence of addresses, and the sale of publications fraught with falsehood, on the subject of slavery, which no doubt must have caused much sorrow to many worthy individuals, particularly amongst that truly excellent sect the Friends, for whom I feel a high respect and esteem; it gives me much pleasure to present some observations I heard made by an intelligent, and highly respectable individual, who may be relied upon. My friend said, I left this state many years ago, as strongly prejudiced against slavery as you can possibly be; they are a people who always interested me, and having resided in five of the Southern States, and thoroughly investigated the subject, I found that the situation of the slave had been grossly misrepresented. I question whether the same number of white people, in the same space, can be found, who are *really* so happy, and independent. They have neither care nor anxiety in regard to their support, knowing that in sickness, as in health, they and their families are provided for. When sick, they are attended to by the nurse, the overseer, a physician and their owner, whose frequent visits prevent neglect.

I have known a physician receive ten dollars for a single visit to prescribe for the weak eyes of a old woman. I know that every female during her confinement, has a nurse for *one month*, who attends to herself, and child, and regulates the family, so that her mind may be kept easy. Is this inhumanity? And yet the planter is accused of it. Where in the poor mechanic, or others, who can afford this relief to their suffering wives? The only cruel person I have known, was a Pennsylvanian; and although to the owner he was invaluable, from his strict integrity, and efficiency, he was discharged. I also know that during the Cholera, they received great kindness; the owner would risk his life, to be with them, saying, "I cannot desert my poor slaves." Here a delicate female would be seen, rubbing the limbs, and administering comfort to her dying slave, consoling and supporting her in the solemn hour of death! How numerous are the instances where the dearest ties of kindred amongst white persons, were forgotten in that trying hour!! I have known several females of the highest order, sit up night after night with their slaves to whom they were attached, when ill, fearing that they would be neglected by their own colour.

I have heard it remarked and with great truth, by white persons from the north, that the only *real* slaves they had seen, were the owners. I have also heard the abolitionists say, "the slave holder compels the slave to work without giving him wages." The planter requires a certain portion of work daily from his people, for which he finds them, and their families, houses, fire-wood, clothing and provisions. What *that* portion of work is, may be gathered from the fact, that it *may* be and frequently is accomplished by 11 o'clock, and generally by 2 or 3 o'clock. The remainder of the day is their own. The owner does not employ a slave in the most trifling office, after his task has been completed, without compensating him for it. There have been disturbances in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, from the labourers refusing to work longer than from 6 o'clock in the morning, until 6 in the evening. The slaves in the South would feel aggrieved, if *they* were daily compelled to such labour. During their leisure, the female occupy themselves occasionally, by attending to their poultry, and gardens, which each family has, either attached to their houses, or near them. The men have a portion of land allotted to them at a greater distance, exclusively for their own benefit, and I have seen from $40 to $50, given at a time to each, by an owner to his slaves, for the produce of the land allotted to them. In some of the southern cities, as at the north, markets are held until 9 o'clock on Sunday. The market on that day, is almost exclusively for the negroes, who after disposing of their articles, are then in time to attend a place of worship. To one so deeply interested as I was in the coloured population of the south, it was truly gratifying to witness the produce of their industry. Many of them are tolerable mechanics, as evinced by the articles offered for sale, amongst which I observed tables, bed-stands, bed-steads, chairs, desks, bird cages, buckets, tubs, pails, brooms, brushes, mats, canes, baits, wooden-bowls, trays, pot-hooks and lids, knives, &c. Also small, bunting, rice, sweet-potatoes, ground nuts, sugar-cane, oranges, charcoal, straw, moss, wood, trees, plants, sarsaparilla, and a variety of vegetables, and poultry, eggs, game, fish, oysters, crabs, and terrapins; and frequently wild animals, mocking birds, alligators and rattle-snakes, all of the latter are purchased by captains of vessels, sailors, and others for exportation. If they are such an oppressed people, where would they find leisure for all this? Many of them might return to their families, with their baskets filled with comforts, and money in their pockets, were they not decoyed by the unprincipled run-venders, into their shops; and there cheated of their earnings, and reduced to a state of drunkenness, ere the sun has passed its meridian.

It was asserted by an abolitionist in a late address, that "*religious* instruction was denied to the slave." As he is a minister of the Gospel, I trust he would not wilfully misrepresent, and therefore charitably attribute it to his ignorance, and recommend to the Rev. gentleman, a residence at the south for a short time, which would effectually prevent his endeavouring to inflame the public mind for the future.

From personal observation I *know*, that many owners *do* give their slaves religious instruction *daily*, and others whenever an opportunity presents itself. In many families, Sunday evening is devoted to that purpose. Are there many of the abolitionists who engage in this way on that sacred evening? I have been in many churches at the south, and have always (I believe) found pews reserved for the coloured people: There was one exception, where they sat in the aisle; which was filled with well dressed and apparently pious negroes, many of them attentively engaged with their books, and singing well. To the clergyman of that church, who is southern born, and who feels a deep interest in giving religious instruction to that race, I remarked their uncommon attention; he observed with a smile, that he was sometimes told, that *they* were the most attentive part of the congregation. In one of the southern cities, there are three churches, exclusively for people of colour; two of them large buildings. Clergymen are invited by slave holders to visit their plantations, and preach to their slaves, which they do. In some parts at the south, the country is divided into sections, by a society of gentlemen, who take it in turn to visit the plantations, and give them religious instruction. I believe on most of the plantations they have regularly evening prayers; thus acting an example to the whites. African mothers would feel degraded if *their* child on coming of age, not say the Lord's prayer; and indeed one of the most practical, cheerful christians, I have ever known, is an old slave. I have seen the hand of an owner, affectionately pressed by a dying, speechless negro, whose grateful looks bespoke affection for the religious instruction she had received. I have known religion to reform more than one coloured drunkard. It is much to be regretted that *that* is a prevailing vice among them. Of actual crimes or atrocious vice, I am happy to say, that there are but few instances, comparatively speaking. They are an innocent people, and happy, and will continue so, if *not instigated to crime*. In making this statement to you my friend, I do not speak of Louisiana, not having visited it. *There* they may not be well treated, having so many vicious characters among them. New Orleans having been considered for years past, in the southern states, as a kind of Botany-Bay, to which all the irreclaimable are sent. The use of the whip, I am happy to say, is gradually losing ground. On some plantations it is laid aside; but where there are numbers, and some untoward spirits, some discipline, as with soldiers and sailors is necessary, and I don't fear that owing to the occurrences of this summer, many things will now be noticed, which last year would have been passed over. I approve not of slavery, it is an *evil*, a serious one, but I aver that the fanatic abolitionists, in the plenitude of their wisdom and benevolence, *are the greatest enemies the poor slaves have to contend with*. Let the slaves alone, at present they are much happier than the abolitionist, at least *their* heaven are not so inflamed with such bitter unchristian feelings, towards their owners. I have never conversed with but one slave holder, who would not most willingly resign them, if a feasible plan were proposed. He observed, "I am happy in being able to contribute to the happiness of so many human beings." There are strong, *very strong* attachments, evinced by many owners to their slaves. Upon my first sojourn in the southern country, I expressed my surprise at the indulgence, and great forbearance of their owners, I was answered with a benevolent smile, by an old lady, who observed, "they are born with us, bred with us, and we can exercise more than you can." This is the substance of the information I received from my friend, and it is corroborated, by the observation of a slave of excellent character, who is now assiduously waiting an opportunity to return to her native state. "They brought me one of their books, but I told them, these things must have been done, in some other country, not any in which I have ever lived."

A tremendous gale visited Charleston, S. C. on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, which caused the destruction of a very large amount of shipping and other valuable property. Loss estimated at $200,000.

Bank Dividends for the last Six Months

Girard Bank,	4 per cent.
Schuylkill do.	4 do
Mechanics' do.	3 do
Kensington do.	3 do
Manufacturers and Mechanics' do	4 do
Commerce at do.	4½ do
Farmers and Mechanics' do.	4 do
Philadelphia do.	3½ do
Western do.	3 do
Southwark do.	3 do
Moyamensing do.	3 do
Farmers bank of Bucks co.	4 do
Manayunk & Flat Rock Turnp. Co.	3 do
Cheltenham & Willow Grove do.	2½ do

The Dew Point.—In answer to a question proposed to us by the New York Commercial Advertiser, we state that the "Dew Point" is the highest temperature of a body cooled down below the temperature of the air, on which the moisture of the atmosphere will condense. It may be obtained by cooling water in a common tumbler, by ice or otherwise, stirring it in the meantime with a thermometer, the highest temperature at which the moisture settles on the outside is the dew point; or the dew point may be obtained by two thermometers Fah. (one of them covered with a wet ring) swung rapidly in the air till one with the wet bulb ceases to descend. Then take the number of degrees which the two thermometers differ, multiply it by 403—then divide the product by the wet bulb temperature, and subtract the quotient from the dry bulb temperature; the remainder is the "dew point." By means of the dew point, the weight of moisture or vapour in a given mass of air may at any moment be known."—*Phil. Gaz.*

On Thursday last, four vessels arrived at the port from Liverpool, viz. The Columbus, Capt. Wiley, The Alleghany, Capt. Michaels, The Poeahontas, Capt. West, and the Milo, Capt. Thomson. Their dates have been anticipated.

United States Bank stock sold in New York on Wednesday at 110¾.

The election in New York closed on Wednesday evening. The whole number of votes polled was 29,537. Mr. Lee, the candidate of the regular Tammany party, has been elected to Congress by a majority of about 1500 over Mr. Monroe, supported by the Native American Association. Mr. Ferris the "loco foco" candidate, supported by the disaffected members of the Tammany party, received about 3000 votes. In Brooklyn, Mr. Dikeman, (whig), has been elected to the legislature by a majority of 77 over Mr. Moore, (Jackson). The vote in New York was very small.

A PLOT IN GEORGIA.

The Courier and Inquirer of Thursday, gives the following as an extract of a letter from Forsyth, Geo. under date of October 15th:

"We had an insurrection in this county last week. The negroes rose against the whites, with the intention to kill all the men and aged women, and take the young women as wives. Fortunately their intentions were discovered in time. About one hundred negroes have been arrested, and will be tried to-day in this town. It is supposed that many of them will be executed.

TEXAS.

The New York Courier of Thursday says,—"Capt. Carley, of the ship Huntsville, in eleven days from New Orleans, we learn, reports, that on the night he sailed, a steamboat and a schooner also sailed for Texas full of volunteers, and that men were parading about the streets of New Orleans, with drum and fife, beating up for recruits."

The New Orleans American of the 21st ult. says,—"The Texas volunteer corps, about sixty in number, well armed, provisioned and equipped, started yesterday evening in the schr. Columbus for Brazos. They left amidst the cheers of hundreds who had assembled to witness their departure."

A public meeting was held in Mobile, on the 20th ult., at which resolutions were passed approving of the conduct of the people of Texas, in opposing the establishment of a military government in that province by Santa Anna. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions in behalf of the people of Texas, and to receive the names and assist at discretion all volunteers, who are disposed to join them in their enterprize. The Mobile Advertiser says,—"We understand that within a few minutes after the adjournment of the Texas meeting last night, about $1,500 were subscribed by individuals at this city. There were also several volunteers—the number we did not ascertain."

The following is a list of the names of the Texas volunteers, who have already sailed for Brazoria.

ROBERT D. MORRIS, of Louisiana, Capt. Pro. Tem.
CHARLES B. BANISTER, of Louisiana, Quarter Master.

MANDRED WOOD, of Pennsylvania, Sutler.

Alex. Abrahams, Ohio,	Dr. A M. Levy, Virginia,
G. L. Addison, Maryland,	W. B. Lubbock, S. Carolina,
J. F. Amoling, Louisiana,	M. B. Melton, Kentucky,
Wm. Blowne, England,	J. B. Mcleod, England,
Wm. Boyle, Pennsylvania,	J. B. McNeill, N. Carolina,
Mat. Brown, Ireland,	M. Mahoney, England,
Ch. J. Carrion, S. Carolina,	A. Moore, Kentucky,
Jo. Carey, Vermont,	C. O'Brien, Ireland,
W. S. Callender, Mississippi,	C. O. Petton, Virginia,
Wm. G. Cooke, Virginia,	W. G. Pescud, Louisiana,
W. Chamberlain, Ohio,	J. P. Reid, do. Pennsylvania,
Ch. M. Connor, Pennsylvania,	Herb'd. Reed, Illinois,
John Corbett, Pennsylvania,	H. H. Rouse, Tennessee,
J. M. Cass, Connecticut,	John Revan, Wales,
M. Cloniear, Massachusetts,	C. Sargeant, Massachusetts,
Jos. Cranson, do.	Henry S. Seton, N. York,
T. Dickinson, jr. U. Canada,	M. K. Sneed, Pennsylvania,
W. B. Durham, England,	Geo Stephens, Eng and,
G. M. Gilliard, Pennsylv

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE OLD MAID'S DIARY.

Age 15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the men.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some man, who has flattered her.

19. Too little more difficult, in consequence of being noticed.

20. Commences fashionable and dashes.

21. Still more confidence in her own attraction, and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fashion.

23. Flirts with every young man she meets.

24. Wonders she is not married.

25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensible.

27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.

30. Rather fearful of being called an old maid.

31. An additional love of dress and rouge.

32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.

33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.

34. Affects good humour in her conversation with men.

35. Jealous of the praises of women.

36. Quarrels with her friend, who is lately married.

37. Thinks herself slighted in society.

38. Likes talking of her acquaintance who are married unfortunately, and finds consolation in their misfortunes.

39. Ill nature increases.

40. Very meddling and officious. N. B. A growing penchant.

41. Wrich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man without fortune.

42. Not succeeding rails against the sex.

43. Partiality for cards and scandal commences.

44. Severe against the manners of the age.

45. Strong predilection for a Methodist parson.

46. Enraged at his desertion.

47. Becomes despanding, and takes snuff.

48. Turns all her sensibility to cats and dogs.

49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend on her feline and canine nursery.

50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill humour on her unfortunate relation.—*Ladies Mag.*

On the Contemptibility of Calumny.

Scandal assumes such paltry shapes,
They never shame the wearers—
Much less respectable than apes,
For apes are no *tale*-bearers.

Colour for Absurdity: a Cockney Colloquy.

Tom. Why, Mike, you're mad! what *are* you at?
Mike. I'm fishing in a dyer's vat.
Tom. To common sense, sir, I appeal,
What could you catch there?
Mike. Catch! an eel.

Anecdote.—A countryman came to one of our hotels and wrote after his name P. O. P. S. F. C. Here was a title. 'Pray, my dear sir,' asked a bystander, 'what do those letters stand for?' 'Stand for!' why that's my title!' 'Yes sir—but what is your title?'—'Why—*Professor of Psalmody and Schoolmaster from Connecticut.*'

Dr. Paley.—This eminent divine was so silent a follower of Izaak Walton, that on being asked by the then Bishop of Durham, when one of his most important works would be finished, he replied with great quaintness and simplicity, "My Lord I shall work at it steadily when the fly-fishing season is over."

A Lucky investment.—In 1814, Generals Ornano and Bonnet fought a duel. The first fired and missed, the other who piqued himself on his address with the pistol, took aim at his adversary's breast. Surprised that his shot had no apparent result, he said, "*Monsieur n'est pas mort!*" "*Non, Monsieur.*" "*Cela est singulier; quand je tire sur quelqu'un, ordinairement je le tue.*" Meanwhile M. Ornano perceived the mark of the ball which appeared to have glanced, having been stopped in its progress by a five franc piece in his pocket. "*Pardon Monsieur,*" cried the other you had placed the money very luckily."

A Dilemma.—Extract from a dialogue between a father and his child:

Child.—Father, what's a dilemma?

Father.—A dilemma, dear, is—a dilemma; when any one don't know what to do, that's a dilemma.

Child.—Oh, yes! I know—a dilemma is just like you when ma scolds you.

Father.—Hem, you talk too much child.

Adrien and the Orange Stand.—Adrien, the magician, went up the other day to an orange stand in Broadway, and taking up an orange in his hand, asked the man who stood by, "vat you take for de orange?"

"A sixpence."

Adrien pulled out a sixpence, paid it, and then took a small penknife and divided the orang every neatly in two, and low and behold! drew out half a dollar from the centre, at least to all appearances. The orange seller stared a little but said nothing. Adrien put the half dollar into his pocket, and tossed the orange into the gutter. The orange dealer breathed harder and stared wider.

"Vat you take for a tard ov de orange?"

"No, no, my old boy," said the fellow, "you get no more of my oranges, at that price." He picked them up in a basket and ran home to his wife. "Here Margery," said he breathless "here's two hundred oranges each of them with a half dollar in its bowels—come get a knife and help me pick them out."

Margery started.

"Haste, haste," said, he, and immediately began slashing away among his oranges. The first was cut —no half a dollar appeared. Another, and another, and another—still no half a dollar.

"Is the man mad?" said Margery. "I am sure said he, "I saw two of them I sold for a sixpence each have a half dollar in the inside."

"Oh you fool," said it a wife, "Adrien *the magician* must have been the man."

The husband soon discovered his mistake—went back to his old stand with a couple of dozen oranges he saved out of the two hundred, and swore if Adrien were to pull out a woman from the inside of an orange he would not believe him.—*N. Y. Her.*

The Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel, thus satirizes a fashionable mode of pronunciation: N. Why Harry, how dy'e do? when did you leave Boston, and how did you come? H. Feeling somewhat in tshune for travelling. I embraced the opportunity of my tshuter's absence from the city, and started last Tshuesday—came on the rail road, to Worcester—then took the tshuropike. Dined on the way—steak poor—tshurnips and potatoes good. Heard a person lecturing a parishioner—he concluded with, "*you must djue your djuty,*"—or, said a saucy wag, "you'll surely be *djamned.*" But my tea is waiting; I will by and by, relate the rest of my adventshures."

Four Priests.—A Catholic, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Baptist, sat down to dine upon one fish. The Catholic unceremoniously commenced, and cut off the fish's head and put it on his plate, saying, *Papa est caput ecclesiæ*—"The Pope is the head of the church." The Presbyterian then cut the tail of the fish, put it upon his plate, and said, *Finis coronat opus*—"The end crowns the work." The Episcopalian then took what had been between the head and the tail, viz: the body, and said, *In medio est veritas*—"The truth lies between the two extreme ties." The Baptist was then dished: there was no fish left. He took up the bowl containing the butter, and sprinkled it plentifully over the supposing the black clothes and into the eyes and hair of the three others, saying at the same time, *Ego baptiso vos*—"I baptise you."

WASHINGTON AND THE HUCKSTER.

It has frequently been said that Washington was not only distant and reserved with those of his own household, but more so with the soldiery. This was not the case, but the reverse, as many anecdotes will prove. The general, when not absorbed in the more important duties of his station, would familiarly sport with the rank and file, and sometimes engage in diverting his troops with amusements; particularly at a time when the prospects of peace, and a happy termination of the struggle wore an aspect of gloom and dismay.

An old corporal, who had been attached to Washington's service for many years, related several anecdotes of the old general; among them we remember that of the huckster of New Jersey.

"The army," said the veteran corporal, "had been a long time on the march, and when encamped were almost destitute of provisions. Reduced to allowances, every one prepared to receive his morsel in the hope of seeing better days. During the encampment, there appeared among the troops a huckster with a cart-load of nuts and fruit, which to the soldiers offered great temptation. Washington, who knew, that his men were penyless, and would be grieved at not being able to purchase, ordered the huckster to leave forthwith the commons; but the man, anxious to sell, obstinately refused. The general (whose orders probably had been disobeyed for the first time) sent for the man, and thus explained the condition of his men, that it were useless for him to remain any longer on the ground, and in the mildest tone requested him again to begone. The huckster still remained unmoved, and persisted in staying on the commons.—Washington was determined not to be outgeneraled, and by this time had lost all patience at the stubbornness of the man, he therefore ordered a few sold ers to upset the cart, and such scrambling I have never seen before nor since. In a few minutes not a vestige was left, save the nut shells. This was the only time that I had heard Washington laugh out.—During the scene of the eager can est, he seemed so diverted, that if it were possible for one to crack his sides, he certainly did on that memorable day. Nothing was afterwards heard of the obstinate huckster, who must have discovered that it was no small thing to trifle with the general.—*Army and Navy Magazine.*

NOVEMBER.

Next was November; he full grown and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steame;
And yet the season was full sharp and keene;
In planting eeke he took no small delight,
Wherefore he rode, not cared was to be seene,
For it a dreadful creature was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

This is the eleventh month of the year. The Anglo-Saxons gave names in their own tongue to each month, and "November they termed *wind-monath*, to wit, wind-monath, whereby wee may see that our ancestors were in this season of the yeare made acquainted with blustering Boreas; and it was the antient custome for shipmen then to shrowd themselves at home, and to give over seafaring (notwithstanding the bitterness of their then used voyages) until hearing Ma ch had bidden them well to fare." They likewise called it *blot-monath*. In the saxon, "*blot*" is as much as *blood*; and in this month they killed great abundance of cattle for winter-store, or according to some, for purposes of sacrifice to their deities.

"The trees generally lose their leaves in the following succession:—walnut, mulberry, horse-chesnut, sycamore, lime, ash, then, after an interval, elm, then beech and oak, then apple and peachtrees, sometimes not till the end of November; and lastly, pollard oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves till pushed off by their new ones in spring. Oaks that happen to be stripped of their leaves by shallows will often surprise the hunter of nature by being clothed again soon after midsummer with a beautiful vivid foliage.

"Among our autumnal pleasures, we ought not to have omitted the very sailing of the leaves!

To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go sailing round.

C. Lamb.

"Towards the end of the month, under the graves and other shady places, dry fogs begin to lie in hedges, and to rustle to the foot of the passenger; and these they will be till the young leaves are grown over head, and spring comes to look down upon them with their flowers:—

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wild winged enchantress! laughter, heal, and harvest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness
The trees that fade in early smiles thou scatterest?
Scenes of joy, thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and leaves like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves, which are her winding sheet.

Shelley.

A DRUNKEN SCENE.

BY CAPT. MARYATT.

Talking about brandy—one morning at two o'clock, about the witching time that ghosts and ghole shout in church-yards, as I was thinking whether it would not be better to go to bed instead of writing nonsense, in which opinion most of my readers may coincide with me, in walked three young men who were considerably the worse for potation. There is a great deal of character in inebriety—at the same time that an estimate of character can be made from its effects; for we often find the most quiet men when sober to be the most choleric in their cups—but still there is character, and much that is curious in witnessing its variety of effects. Now these young men were each drunk in a very different way—the first, in a way quite novel; for although he could preserve his equilibrium, and stare immensely, he had lost the power of speech; you saw his lips move, but no articulation or sound succeeded—the second was laughing drunk, every thing that was said, either by himself or by any one else, was magnified into a pun or a *bon mot*—the third, with whom I had no previous acquaintance, was politely drunk. I presume the idea of intruding himself upon a stranger, at such an unseasonable hour, had produced that effect—but let me describe the scene.

"Ha, ha, ha! we come to you—ha, ha! capital.—We want some brandy and water; and, ha, ha! we know you always keep a case-ah," says the second, seating himself in an arm-chair.

The first also took a chair, moved his legs for a few seconds, and then sat bolt upright, staring at the two candles; how many he counted I cannot pretend to say.

"Really," said No. 3, "we are—I'm afraid—taking a great liberty—a very great liberty; but—an apology is certainly due—if you will allow me to offer an apology for my two friends—will you allow me to introduce them?"

"Many thanks, but I have the pleasure of knowing *them* already."

"I really beg your pardon—it was quite unintentional on my part. I trust you are not offended? Will you allow me to introduce myself. I am Captain C——, of the ——. Will you permit me to present my card, and to say how happy I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, the third gentleman presented me with his card, and inserted his card-case into his pocket.

"Capital!" cried No. 2. "Ha, ha, ha! what an excellent joke, he, ha, ha! Now for the brandy and water."

This was soon produced, and although No. 1 had lost all articulation, he had still the power of deglutition; he filled his glass, sat up more erect, stared at the candles, and drank his grog; the other did the same, when No. 3, again spoke—

"My dear sir, I hope you will excuse the liberty, but my name is Captain C——, of the ——. Will you allow me the honor of presenting my card, and of saying how proud I shall be of making your acquaintance?" So saying, he presented me another card, which I put aside with the first.

"Ha, ha, ha! what a good joke, to find you up. I and we should get brandy and water here; wasn't that capital—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

I could not exactly see the joke of being kept up for perhaps two more hours, but I begged they would refill their glasses, as the sitting would be sooner ended one way or the other—either by the bottle being empty, or their falling under the table—I did not care which—when I was again addressed by No. 3.

"I really beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid I have been very remiss—will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C——, of the ——. There is my card, and I cannot say how happy I shall be if I may have the honor of your acquaintance."

I bowed a third time, and received a third card.

"By heavens, I've finished my tumbler! Ain't that capital! Ha, ha, ha! famous fun;—and so has Alfred."

"Famous fun, indeed," thought I, as the contents of the bottle disappeared.

"And Alfred is going to help himself again; well, that is capital, ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Alfred, who was No. 1, moved his lips, but like the frozen horn of Munchausen, sounds would not come out; he did, however, follow up the joke, by refilling the tumbler for the third time.

"Upon my honour, I've been very rude, I ought to apologise," said No. 3, again drawing out of his cardcase; "but will you allow me to offer my card? I am Captain C——, of the ——, and I shall be most happy to make your acquaintance."

I bowed again, and received the fourth card.

Thus were the changes rung by numbers one, two, and three, until I was tired out, two bottles more drank out, and I had received fifteen cards from my very polite friend, whom I hal never seen before.

At four o'clock they all rose to depart.

"Upon my soul, I do believe I'm drunk," said No. 2; "capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

No. 1 continued dumb, brandy had not thawed him; but he stared very hard at me, as much as to say, I would speak if I could.

No. 3 put into my hand the sixteenth card, and made a rush attempt at a bow.

Having seen them safely outside my door, I bolted it, saying with Shakspeare—

"O! that a man
Should put an enemy in his mouth
To steal away his brains!"

Mr. Cobbett's starting in the world.—At 11 years of age, my employment was el pping of hedges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the king's gardens, at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes, except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond; and I accordingly went on, from place to place, enquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two-pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny day I had somehow or other, left three pence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red garters tied under my knees, when, musing about me my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written—"Price of Tull's plough 3*l.*" The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the threepence, but then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper end of Kew garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of the, I sat down to read. The book was so different from any thing that I had ever read before; it was something so new to my mind, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and trembled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew gardens waked me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manners, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, my countenance besides, induced the gardener, who was the foreman, I remember, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present king and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass plat round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my Tale of a Tub, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the bay of Fundy, in N. America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.—*Cobbett's Register.*

Random shots from a Rifle Brigade.

The following is an amusing extract from a new work of he above title.

A Civilian's debut, or Mr. Rogers under the first fire!

Mr. Rogers, as already stated, had the day before arrived from England, as an officer of one of the civil departments attached to the light divisions; and, as might be expected on finding himself all at once up with the outposts of the army, he was full of curiosity and excitement. Equipped in a huge cocked hat, and a hermaphrodite sort of scarlet coat, half military and half civil, he was dancing about with his budget of inquiries, when chance threw him in the way of the gallant and lamented Jock McCulloch, at the time a lieutenant in the Rifles, and was in the act of marching off a company to relieve one of the piquets for the night.

McCulloch, full of humor, seeing the curiosity of the fresh arrival, said, "Come Rogers, my boy, come along with me, you shall share my beef-steak, you shall share my heat-cloak, and it will go hard with me but you shall see a Frenchman too before we part in the morning."

The night turns out a tremendous stormy one, but passes away of course.

As usual an hour before day-break, M'Culloch, resigning the heat-cloak to his dozing companion, stood to his arms, to be ready for whatever changes daylight might have in store for him; nor had he to wait long, for day had just begun to dawn, when the sharp crack from the rifle of one of the advanced centries announced the approach of the enemy; and he had just time to collect his terrified but fellow to make the best of his way back to the division, while he himself waited to do battle.—Nor had he much time for preparation; for as Napier says, "Ney, seeing Crawford's false disposition, came down upon them with the swoop of an eagle. Four thousand horsemen, and a powerful artillery, swept the plain; and Lasnes's division coming up at a charging pace, made two rents in the centre and left of the position."—McCulloch almost instantly received several bad sabre-wounds, and five-and-twenty of his men were taken prisoners.

Rogers, it may be believed but no time in following the adjutant counsel he had received, with no clever a pair of heels as he could muster. The enemy's artillery had by this time opened; and as the devil would have it, the cannon-balls were travelling the same road, tearing up the ground on each side of him almost as regularly and it had been a ploughing match. Poor Rogers was thus placed in a situation which fully justified him in thinking, as most young soldiers do, that every ball was aimed at himself. He was half distracted, it was certain death to stop where he was; neither flank offered him the smallest shelter, and he had not wind enough left in his bellows to clear the tenth part of the space between him and comparative safety; but where he is not sure, the imagination is fertile: and it immediately occurred to him that by donning the cocked hat he would make himself a less conspicuous object; clapping it accordingly under his arm, he continued his frightful career with the feelings of a maniac and the politeness of a courier, for to every muscle that passed, he bowed as low as his racing attitude would permit, in the ignorance that the danger had passed along with it,—performing, to all appearance, a continued rotary suit of evolutions as if the suits of a windmill had parted from the building and continued their course across the plain, to the utter astonishment of all who saw him. At length, when exhausted nature could not have carried him twenty yards further, he found himself among some skirmishers of the 3d Caçadores, and within a few yards of a rocky ledge sunk out of the ground, the rear of which seemed to offer him the long-looked-for opportunity of recovering his wind; and he sheltered himself accordingly.

This happened to be the first occasion in which the Caçadores had been under fire; they had the highest respect for the bravery of their British officers, and willingly followed where their Colonel had led; but having followed him into the fi ld, they did not see why they should not follow another out of it; and when they saw a red coat take post behind a rock, they all manned only rushed to take advantage of the same cover. Poor Rogers had not, therefore, drawn his first breath, when he found himself surrounded by these Portuguese warriors; nor had he drawn a second, before their Colonel, (Sir George Eden) rode furiously at him with his drawn sword, exclaiming, "Who are you, you scoundrel, in the uniform of a British officer, setting an example of coward ce to my men? Get out of that instantly, or I'll cut you down!"

Rogers' case was desperate; he had no breath left to explain that he had no pretension to the honor of being an officer, for he would have been cut down in the act of attempting it: he was, therefore, once more forced to start for another heat with the round-shot, and like a hunted devil, got across the bridge, he knew not how. But he was behind-up for England the same day, and the army never saw him more.

Rational Preacher.—A worthy clergyman, now no more, used to tell the following anecdote on this head. He had been long accustomed of leaning to Arminianism, or as he ng a Rationalist; and much anxiety, in consequence, was felt by the flock he was called to superintend. He put their fears to flight, for he was a sound divine as well as a good man. On the Monday after his first sermon had been delivered, he was accosted in his walks by a decent old man, who, after thanking him for his able discourse, went on—"O, sir! the story goed that you were a *rational* preacher; but gied me I, and a' the parish, to find that you are *no a rational* preacher after a'."—*Wit of the West.*

THE SILK CULTURIST.

CULTURE OF SILK IN TURKEY.

Under the public ex rcise of a letter written recently by Charles Rhind, Esq. to a gentleman in this city. It is replete with interesting information on the mulberry and the culture of silk. Mr. Rhind is well acquainted with Turkey; he was the principal negotiator of our treaty with the Sultan, and is a gentleman possessing a highly cultivated mind, shrewd to acute observation. He says "In all a country Turkey the production of silk is consumed to cures or the large towns, in the vicinity of which the mulberry tree is chiefly cultivated, those trees belong to the Farmers or proprietors of the ground, who do not rear the worm themselves, but during the season, the leaves are collected by them daily and carried into the city and sold in the market in the same manner as fruit and vegetables, in such quantities as purchasers may require. At the commencement of the season almost every family clear out all the rooms in the house except one, in which they live during the cocoon season: the worms being produced, they purchase a quantity of leaves and strew them over the floor of each room, leaving a small space next the wall, that they may walk round and distribute the leaves; they then place the worms on the leaves, who readily attack them, and then daily throw on such a quantity as experience teaches them will supply the want of the worms, and this they repeat until the worms are ready to rise and weave the cocoon, without ever removing the offal or worms, and frequently the pile of collected matter will reach the height of 3 or 4 feet. When the worms show symptoms of winding they plant branches and bushes immediately over the collected mass, the worms rise on these, the cocoons are lorced and collected, and the worms are then cleared out, and the rearing is commenced. This manipulation is performed in the most clumsy manner, and with the dirtiest materials, and as much as the aggregate amount of the cocoons, which for one family frequently exceeds 100 okes (a oke is 2½ lbs.) is produced, the manufacture is carried on in a room not larger than the kitchen of my house, and even this is frequently occupied by the whole family, sleeping, eating, and working in the same room. Under all these disadvantages, the silk produced is of the finest description, and is considered by the Persians to be superior to their own. The Sultan's wardrobe is chiefly supplied from Brusa, and the Sultana Valide, mother of the present Sultan, has a large establishment of females employed in the manufacture of silk for the Imperial wardrobe. Silk is commenced at 5 o'clock.

ezra crosbdale.

Oliver's Yeast Powders.

THESE Powders are an admirable substitute for Yeast in making Bread, Cakes and Pastry, and I find that about one ounce each kneading, and have the advantage over that article in making the batter perfectly light and ready for baking, (no matter how hot the oven is) in about one minute, when made with three powders, are less costly for family use than Yeast—are entirely free from any bitter or unpleasant taste—and as it requires but a few minutes to prepare for baking, the gen idity of ever having them sour is entirely avoided. They are used by many respectable families and physicians in the city, and are highly recommended. We therefore confidently recommend them to the general use of families and hotel keepers, as being greatly superior to yeast, in other economizing of time and trouble. Prepared only at the Drug Stores of

THOS. ANDERSON, 3d st. above Walnut and Walnut sts.
And of PAUL G. OLIVER, S. W. corner 10th and Race. oct 31—3mo

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

Botanic, or Vegetable Medicine Store, No. 60 Brown street, Philadelphia.

THE Subscriber has removed his establishment as above, and he is now prepared to supply his friends and the public, with the *Botanic Medicines* made on the plan of Dr. Benjamin Howard, S. Thompson, J. B. Howell and W. Beach. The astonishing success of the Botanic Practice, set in these few years past, upon a permanent basis, each succeeding year, as the *Mercury and Bleeding System*, and the injuries those afflicted with diseases of every description, to give him a call, as they will find some relief from their afflictions immediate.

The Subscriber is the appointed Agent under the care of "Benjamin Howard's *Improved System of Botanic Medicines*, in 3 vols. octavo, with plates. Every family should have a copy of U. S. and in every part of the Union, ought to purchase a copy, as they would save many precious lives, and thousands at least exorbitant charges. Price $5.00 per set.

The Subscriber daily expects a very large assortment of Morse Jewett's Improved Patent Lancet Fleam. They will be accompanied with a pamphlet, containing a full description of their use. The Vapour Bath, either Medicated or Simple, can be had on a few minutes notice.

☞ Country orders attended to with care and punctuality, and forwarded to any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most favourable terms.

THOMAS CROKER, M.P.

Job Printing Office for Sale.

THE office offered for sale, is already established, and of good standing. The type is new, or as good as new. There is a super royal Wells press, one of Stewart's Patent double acting presses, and in fact every thing requisite to carry on the business. The friends of the above office are invited with one hand and a boy. $30 per week, clear. The reason it is for sale is, the present owner is going upon some business of a other nature, and wishes to close all at once.

The present stand can be had if desired, and as one of time, there being no printing office in the vicinity. All the late casts of fancy job types, with cuts, &c. are attached to the office. The price is $500 cash, the present owner wishing to put the capital to other stock. The stand is at No. 74 N. 6th st. above Arch, where the materials may be seen. oct 31—tf

T. Stocking Weavers.

WANTED, a 52 Gauge Stocking Machine, in perfect order. Also, a quantity of linen yarn of about and twisted ready for immediate use, and of good quality. Apply at No. 163 S. 2d st. Philada. opposite the Globe Mill. oct 31—4t*

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST above Fifth street. feb 9, '34—tf

FEVER & AGUE

"Cured by the Genuine
ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE

THE experience with which Rowand's Tonic Mixture has been supplied for, from the first moment that it was ever put forth to the general use of the community, affords the most unquestioned evidence of its surpassing excellence and importance. It is now regarded by those who have had an opportunity to decide upon its merits, as an unrivalled remedy for Fever and Ague, and no appeals to the faith, the credulity, or the local prejudices of the inhabitants of this country, in favor of which, the proprietors have ever published a line or language to any act but to leave it to their own judgment, based upon the experience of those who have used it, may be supposed to influence any one in the purchase of this most delightful and healthful remedy. Without any exception, in this part of country, or in the West, it has acquired its high reputation and extended sale entirely through the force of its own merits, and the fact that it has been used, in the localities of Fever and Ague and Intermittents, with unvarying success, and has literally annually saved to the people of the Delaware valley, and the whole country bordering the Schuylkill and Susquehanna, hundreds of thousands of dollars, which would otherwise have been expended in the employment of Doctors, Nurses, Medicines, &c. &c. during the long and distressing continuance of the disease.

The proprietors have no disposition to make any boast of the virtues of their medicine, but they feel it to be their duty to say, that in all cases where it has been used, it has never failed to cure the disease, and that in many instances it has been administered to persons who had been afflicted with the disease for years, and who had tried almost every remedy that was recommended for it, without effecting a cure, and who had given up all hope of ever being relieved from their sufferings, and in every instance, a perfect cure has been effected by the use of a few bottles of this medicine.

Warranted to be of superior materials and workmanship.

ang 28—2mo*

Dr. Chauncey's

VEGETABLE FEVER POWDERS.

A CERTAIN remedy for fever, ague, and bilious complaints—☞ SELDOM MORE THAN ONE DOSE ☜ and never more than three doses required to break any fever in any person of any age. For sale at 156 South 4th street, Philadelphia, and by agents throughout the country. oct 31—3mo

Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 274 Cedarhill street, between Lawrence and English streets, thankful for past favours, would inform his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Wall Painting, Imitations of Mahogany, Maple, Marble, &c., which he will execute at reduced prices and on reasonable terms.

N. B. Ready-mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale wholesale and retail.

☞ An Apprentice wanted. nov 15—3m*—ly

A Card.

MRS. GRANT, INSTRUCTRESS OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMETAL MUSIC

GRATEFUL for the liberal encouragement she has received, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has resumed the duties of her profession, and will devote unremitted attention to the improvement of her pupils, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

For Terms, References, &c. apply at No. 11 Chestnut st opposite the U. S. Bank, or at J. G. Osborne's Music Saloon, 58 S. Fourth street. oct 3—3m

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,

No. 124 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 7, '35—1y

Opiata Balsamica,

DR. DR. GUERRERO.

THIS OPIATA, a recent discovery, is a certain, safe and convenient remedy for the cure of chronic or acute bil ious cachexia, or Chlorosis. Its reputation has been generally established in South America, and has commenced the introduction into the Medical Faculty of that country, and is now in general use in the hospitals and public practice of the same. Its effects upon the human system are so manifestly beneficial, that it is confidently recommended to the faculty and public, as an article worthy of their attention, and as a valuable remedy in all cases of bilious affections, and especially in those of a chronic character.

The OPIATA BALSAMICA can be procured under peculiar circumstances, and in a manner that can be conveniently carried in the pocket, both by the professional gentleman and the invalid, and is recommended to them as a remedy which may with safety be used without exposure, either to a physician or to the house.

It is in the form of an agreeable paste, and is taken in such a manner as to render it "tasteless," by being wrapped up in a wafer prepared for that purpose, a sufficient number of which will be delivered with the medicine. The Opiata Balsamica has already produced a radical cure in the course of a few days, without affecting the most delicate constitution, owing to its not containing the slightest particle of mercury or its compounds.

Hence the agent would offer it to the public in this country, he has had its efficacy tested by several of the most respectable physicians in the city of New York. Their success has fully justified the declaration, that it is the best remedy they ever used, and the latter in consequence, graciously consented to be its agent to do the honors of its introduction.

Price one box, $1.50, to be obtained of the agent, at J. A. & J. TARRANT, Druggist and Apothecary, corner of Greenwich and Warren streets, New York; and in Philadelphia, at R. MOORE'S Drug and Medicine store, N. E. corner of 5th and Chestnut streets, or, Dr. JOSEPH KLAR, Druggist, No. 167 N. Second street, and by I. THOMPSON, N. W. corner of Market and 5th sts. etc. oct 24—8mo

For Sale,

A VALUABLE PAPER MILL, with two Engines and a Machine, on Rock Run, situate in Cecil and West Fallowfield Townships, Chester county, Pa., 31 miles from Philadelphia, 8 from Wilmington, and 6 from Kennett Square, and about 30 acres of meadow and arable land, and the remainder thriving timber.

The improvements are a substantial stone Mill House, with a full set of vats, with two engines, one of 12 horse power, driving paddle, and three in pipes to the mill, and into each of the engines; five good houses, a good stone barn near the mill with a well supplied water at all times of the year; three tenements of stone, with gardens and orchards attached, and sufficient stone for about one hundred perches of fencing. It is expected the 20th of December next, it will be in complete order to mill and vat, the present engines and machinery, and all necessaries to that purpose, including a dwelling house, store, and tenements, in Elkton, Cecil county, Maryland, on the Elk river, one mile from the Head of Elk, on the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, and 3 miles from the Susquehanna river.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms, and possession given on the 1st April next.

For further information, apply to the subscriber, residing on the premises, or by letter (post paid) addressed to Elkton, Cecil county, Md.

ELISHA PHIPPS.

To the Nervous.

EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS, for indigestion, nervous, and all stomach complaints, prepared of the Camomile Flower by personal process, are unrivalled in strengthening and restoring the digestive and assimilating organs, through invigorating the whole frame. From invigoration proceeds many of the diseases to which we are liable. Its symptoms are—want of, or inordinate appetite, an apparent disturbance of the digestive functions, *pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, sickness*, rumbling noise in the bowels, a disordered or food. tongue, and sometimes a yellowness of the eyes and skin, reported, &c. Evans' Pills will remove all the above symptoms, and are an invaluable preserver and restorer to health and long life.

Sold wholesale and retail at 85 Division st. N. York, and by the following respectable agents in Philadelphia: C. Laycock, 50 Chestnut, G. Fleming, 276 Market st. W. J. Sinon, Stationer, 264 South 2d st. oct 24—3mos.

Looking Glasses.

PERSONS wishing to purchase Looking Glasses, will find them in great variety, at the ware rooms of the subscribers, 4th door above Market, on 4th, running through to Commerce st., where they think they can furnish them somewhat lower than other establishments, if purchasers will take the trouble to walk up. Large sizes, from 50 to 200 dollars. Those wishing to select in the dark among the piles, will be requested to defer their call until the light of day. Plates put in old frames, or furnished without frames. A large assortment of chance on hand, suitable for the country trade. WILLIAM MANN & SON.

oct 24—3mos North side, below 4th, up stairs.

Green County, ss.

IN the Orphans' Court, at September Term, 1835, in the matter of the real estate of Joseph Hall, deceased, and now September 25th, 1835. On motion, the 4 unit stent, a rule upon the heirs and representatives of the said Joseph Hall, deceased, to appear at a Court of Orphans' Court, to be held for said county, on the Third Monday of November next, then and there to accept or refuse the real estate of said deceased, at said county of Green, at the valuation returned.

By the Court. ENOS HOOD, Clerk.

oct 24—3t

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE DRAWING SCHOOL.

THE Drawing School of the Institute, will commence on Tuesday evening, the 3d of November, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall of the Institute, and be continued on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, for two quarters.

Mr. William Mason will superintend the Miscellaneous Department, and Mr. Alexander M'Clure the Department for Architectural Drawing.

TERMS.—Five dollars per quarter. The funds under 21 years of age will be received by the Secretary of the Institute, without any additional charge.

Tickets can be had on application at the office of the Academy, and Mr. Alexander M'Clure's residence, west corner of Market and 20th sts. oct 24—tf

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late JOHN A. PARKER, are need, and please make immediate payment, and those having demands, will present their accounts for settlement to MARY PARKER, Administratrix.

EDWIN PARKER,

Booksellers and the public generally are informed, the subscriber will continue the business at the late husband, at No. 241 South 4th, near Dock, Fashion Place, where all orders will be punctually executed and favours gratefully received.

oct 24—3t* MARY PARKER.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

ON 5th day, the 12th of the 11th month next, a valuable farm, situated in Byberry township, Philadelphia county, adjoining the lands of Wm. Walton and others, containing about 74 acres of land, handsomely situated, and in good quality for any in the husbandry; in a good state of cultivation, and divided into convenient fields, with a good proportion of woodland. There is also on the premises, two dwelling houses, a never failing well, and pumps therein, near the doors; one house and bank barn, a large barn, and other outbuildings, and a young apple orchard of grafted fruit, in a thriving condition. The neighbourhood is one well known, any further description is deemed unnecessary. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

oct 17—4t* EZRA CROASDALE.

To Contractors.

PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, at Mauch Chunk, until the 1st of October next, at noon, to contract the digging, hauling and other work necessary to form a complete navigation along the Lehigh River, from the Mill Creek dam, to the mouth of Weiss's Run, a distance of about 12 miles. For plans and specifications of the work, apply to E. A. Douglass, the Engineer, at the works on the line. JOSIAH WHITE,

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the L. Coal & Nav. Co.

sep 26—tf Mauch Chunk, Sept. 10, 1835

ISAAC BARTON,

No. 30 South 2d St. Philada.,

Offers for Sale, at Moderate Prices,

SILKS, comprising an extensive assortment of French, Italian, English and India; including satin-ret Chenes, Satins, and Gauzes of plain colours.

French and English Merino Cloths and Bombazines.

Merino long and square Shawls, plain white, and handsomely figured.

Plaid Cloth, Scotch Plaid, Shepherd's Plaid.

Dark Habit Cloths, suitable for Cloaks, other Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

Rose Blankets, Mousseline Quilts, Counterpanes, Bed ticking, Sheeting 4 breed, Alpaca Brocade, Mousseline, Furniture Chintz and Dimity, Damask Table Linen, Napkins, and other furnishing articles—together with a general assortment of Muslins, Ginghams, Cravats, Beauty, Flowers, &c.

Also—Cashmeres and Cloths, for carriage linings.

sep 19—tf

CARPENTER'S COMPOUND CERATE OF COFAIVA.

*A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Woun